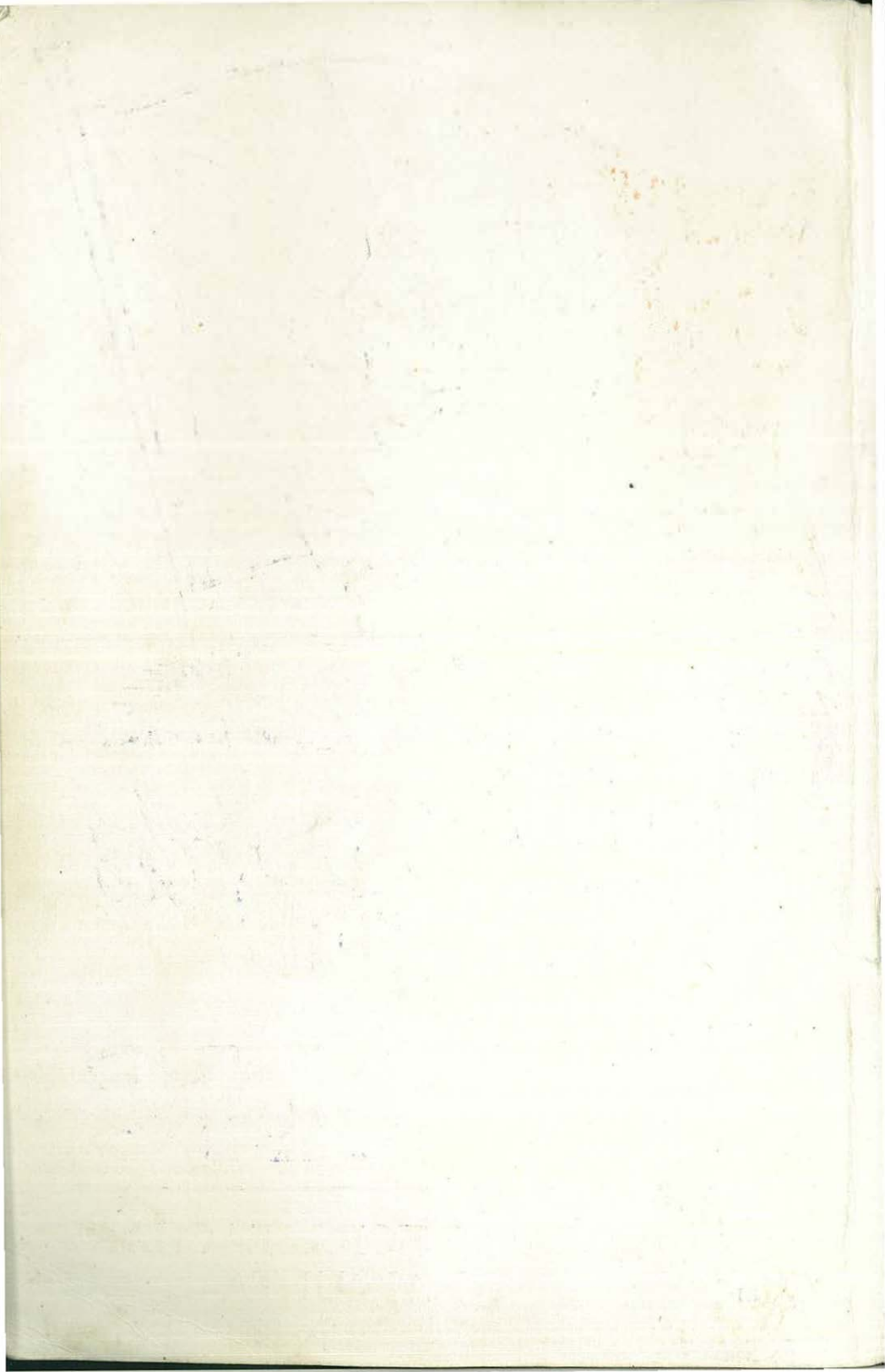




SONGS *of the* IRISH REPUBLIC

3/-

COISTE FOILLSEACHAN
NAISIUNTA
CORK



Joseph P. Lonsdale



s o n g s
of the
IRISH REPUBLIC

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RÉAMPAÓ

THE IRISH BALLAD SINGER is an integral part of our national tradition. In other days, his was the sole voice, which loudly proclaimed the aspirations of the Irish people in proud defiance of the invader. In British-occupied Ireland to-day tyranny still rears its ugly head, but the ballad singer is in-suppressible. In the land of O'Neill and O'Donnell the voice of young Ireland still proclaims to the world — not in vocal tones alone — the determination of our will to freedom, despite the omniscience of British armour.

As W. B. Yeats once wrote: "They went forth to the battle, but they always fell." So it is that many of our songs are sad songs. But we thrive on suppression, and the indomitable spirit of the Irish people is always resurgent. We are a proud race in many respects, and take pride, too, in recording in song the heroic deeds of all those who fell in the fight for freedom.

This collection of Irish ballads is our response to repeated requests. We appeal to our readers, particularly the young people of Ireland, to take a special pride in the singing of our national songs, and not to be diffident in the face of cynical opposition from pseudo-nationalists who — it will be invariably found — never lost a meal in any cause. We have a proud tradition to uphold — LET IT BE UPHELD.

MÁRTA, 1962

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IN MEMORY OF TWO

In Maguireland at the dawning of the year,
They faced the might of Britain without fear;
Their lives they gave that Ireland might be free—
Red blood to feed the flame of liberty.

From Monaghan came young O'Hanlon bold—
The land that nurtured Connolly years now old;
With conscience clear and soul all snowy white,
He went to meet the Lord of Justice on that night.

Sean Sabhat from the county by the Shannon's side,
Came North his vanquished brothers for to guide;
In battle against the foes of countless, dreary years,
His death to the cheeks of Roisin has brought tears.

Your funerals were the finest since Ashe was laid to sleep,
All freedom-loving people were there in mourning deep;
The caoine was raised, the prayers were said in Gaelic, sweet and low,
Another chapter ended in the fight against the foe.

God grant the youth of Ireland the strength to carry on,
Until the last drear Saxon from our holy shore is gone;
Your courage and sweet sacrifice shall live from age to age,
And your names go down indelibly on Ireland's history page.

—SEAN C. MAC GIOLLA UAIN

FLAG OF SINN FEIN

They raised a great standard of hope for the nation,
Their strong arms bracing its staff to the breeze,
And proudly they bore it mid scenes of clation
Defending it bravely where foes would it seize.
Soon over each town and each village 'twas waving,
In far-scattered hamlets on hillside and plain,
And the young men of Ireland arose from their slaving
To march and to fight 'neath the flag of Sinn Fein.

When Pearse led his comrades that day by the Liffey
Behind it they marched with a soldierly mien,
And soon over Dublin's great fortress 'twas flying —
The hope of the nation, White, Orange and Green.
Beneath it fought men who were proud to be shedding
Their blood, ever mindful 'twould not flow in vain,
Each man a bridegroom at Dark Rosaleen's wedding
As bravely they died 'neath the flag of Sinn Fein.

In the fresh breeze of morning it floated in glory,
In the lull of the night by its staff it reclined,
In the hour of surrender—no hand free to save it
Lead-sprayed and shell-torn to the flames 'twas consigned.
Through the night the fire laboured, dawn saw the roof caving,
Then the smoke cleared away and the sun shone again,
And above the gaunt ruin, still defiantly waving
Was that battle-scarred emblem, the flag of Sinn Fein.

—CONLEITH MARTIN

ULSTER VOLUNTEER

(Air: *The Wearing of the Green*)

Oh, I met a Volunteer last night, he walked with head held
high,
And I thought I saw the light of freedom shining in his
eye:
The moonlight shone upon his face, full joyous was his
mein,
With his rifle slung across his back, in his battle-dress of
green.

I knew he was a soldier of that gallant selfless band,
Who do not shrink their duty to make free our ancient
land
When, pointing to the three-barred flash that on his sleeve
he wore,
He said: "We fight for Ireland, to set her free once more."

His accent showed that he was one of Ulster's noble
sons
Who, in the cause of liberty, now face the English
guns:
He said: "I go to meet the foe, with comrades brave and
true."
Then into the dark he disappeared, to do what he
must do.

—PADRAIG S. O CINNEIDE

THEY FIGHT FOR LIBERTY

The seed of freedom, nurtured through the years in the hearts of the Ulster Gaels, blossoms to-day. This most beautiful flower is the species of which our compromisers have been boasting a past knowledge.

From Lisnaskea to the Antrim glens
The National Faith survives,
From Swilly's shore to Mourne hills
Men guard it with their lives:
While across the Border they ignore,
From the Liffey and the Lee,
Come men to swell the ranks of those
Who fight for liberty.

In Ulster we remember Orr,
McCracken and Wolfe Tone,
And Russell from the County Cork,
With Neilson in Tyrone;
Nor can we e'er recall those names
And not with sadness pause
To think of those who bartered us
When they reneged the Cause.

The years roll back in history
And from Cave Hill to-day
Our freedom fighters hear their voice,
And proudly they obey
The valiant chief whose aims are still
The aims of Irishmen
Uncompromising in their fight
For a nation once again.

— CONLETH MARTIN

RODY M'CORLEY

Ho! See the fleet-foot hosts of men
Who speed with faces wan,
From farmstead and from fisher's cot
Upon the banks of Bann!
They come with vengeance in their eyes —
Too late, too late are they —
For Rody M'Corley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Oh Ireland, Mother Ireland,
You love them still the best,
The fearless brave who fighting fall
Upon your hapless breast;
But never a one of all your dead
More bravely fell in fray,
Than he who marches to his fate
Than he who marches to his fate
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Up the narrow street he stepped,
Smiling and proud and young:
About the hemp-rope on his neck
The golden ringlets clung.
There's never a tear in the blue, blue eyes,
Both glad and bright are they —
As Rody M'Corley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Ah! when he last stepped up that street
His shining pike in hand,
Behind him marched in grim array
A stalwart earnest band!
For Antrim town! for Antrim town!
He led them to the fray —
And Rody M'Corley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

The grey coat and its sash of green
Were brave and stainless then;
A banner flashed beneath the sun
Over the marching men —
The coat hath many a rent this noon,
The sash is torn away,
And Rody M'Corley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Oh, how his pike flashed to the sun!
Then found a foeman's heart!
Through furious fight, and heavy odds,
He took a true man's part;
And many a red-coat bit the dust
Before his keen pike-play —
But Rody M'Corley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Because he loved his Motherland,
Because he loved the Green,
He goes to meet the martyr's fate
With proud and joyous mien,
True to the last, true to the last,
He treads the upward way —
Young Rody M'Corley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

—ETHNA CARBERY

Séalaí Saoirse
IRISH FREEDOM SEALS

**MULTI-COLOURED ADHESIVE
SEALS**

1/- PER PACKET

RORY OF THE HILL

"That rake up near the rafters, why leave it there so long?

The handle, of the best of ash, is smooth, and straight, and strong;
And, mother, will you tell me, why did my father frown,

When to make the hay, in summer-time, I climed to take it down?"
She looked into her husband's eyes, while her own with light did fill,
"You'll shortly know the reason, boy!" said Rory of the Hill.

The midnight moon is lighting up the slopes of Sliabh na mBan —

Whose foot affrights the startled hares so long before the dawn?

He stopped just where the Anner's stream winds up the woods anear,

Then whistled low and looked around to see the coast was clear.

A sheeling door flew open — in he stepped with right good will —

"God save all hear, and bless your work," said Rory of the Hill.

Right hearty was the welcome that greeted him, I ween,

For years gone by he fully proved how well he loved the Green;
And there was one among them who grasped him by the hand —

One who through all the weary time roamed on a foreign strand;
He brought them news from gallant friends that made their heart-strings
thrill —

"My SOUL! I never doubted them!" said Rory of the Hill.

They sat around the humble board 'till dawning of the day,

And yet no song nor shout I heard — —no revellers were they:

Some brows flushed red with gladness, while some were grimly pale;

But pale or red, from out those eyes flashed souls that never quail!

"And sing us now about the vow they swore for to fulfil" —

"You'll read it yet in History," said Rory of the Hill.

Next day the ashen handle, he took down from where it hung,

The toothed rake, full scornfully, into the fire he flung;

And in its stead a shining blade is gleaming once again —

(O for a hundred thousand of such weapons and such men!)

Right soldierly he wielded it, and, going through his drill,

"Attention" — "charge" — "front, point" — "advance!" cried Rory
of the Hill.

She looked at him with woman's pride, with pride and woman's fears;
She flew to him, she clung to him, and dried away her tears;
He feels her pulse beat truly, while her arms around him twine —
"Now God be praised for your stout heart, brave little wife of mine,"
He swung his first born in the air, while joy his heart did fill —
"You'll be a FREEMAN yet my boy," said Rory of the Hill.

O knowledge is a wondrous power, and stronger than the wind;
And thousands shall fall, and despots bow before the might of mind;
The poet and the orator, the heart of man can sway,
And would to the kind heavens that Wolfe Tone were here to-day!
Yet trust me, friends dear Ireland's strength, her truest strength, is still,
The rough and ready roving boys, like Rory of the Hill.

—CHARLES J. KICKHAM

LET ERIN REMEMBER

Let Erin remember the days of old,
'Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;
When Malachy wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings with standards of green unfurled,
Led the Red Branch Knights to danger.
'Ere the Emerald Gem of the Western World
Was set in the crown of a stranger

On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
In the clear cold eve declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often in dreams sublime
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over.
Thus sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.

—THOMAS MOORE

THE ROSE OF MOONCOIN

How pleasant to roam by the sunny Suir stream,
To hear the dove dawing by the morning sunbeam.
Where the thrush and the robin their sweet notes entwine,
On the banks of the Suir that flows down to Mooncoin.

Chorus

Flow on, lovely river, flow gently along;
Your water so clear sings the lark's merry song;
On the green banks I'll wander where first I did join
With you, lovely Maggie, fair rose of Mooncoin.

Then here's to the Suir, with its valleys so fair,
As oftimes we wandered in the cool morning air;
Where the roses are blooming and lilies entwine
By the banks of the Suir that flows down by Mooncoin.

Chorus

Oh! Maggie, my darling, it breaks my fond heart
To know that we two for ever must part;
I'll think of you, Maggie, while sun and moon shine,
On the banks of the Suir that flows down by Mooncoin.

Chorus

She has sailed far away o'er the dark rolling foam,
Far away from the hills of her dear Irish home;
Where the fisherman sports with his small boat and line,
By the banks of the Suir that flows down by Mooncoin.

THE REBEL ROVER

As I roved out one Summer's morning
I met a maiden of beauty rare—
The sweet wild roses, the braes adorning
Not half so sweet are, not half so fair.
The brown thrush singing when the sun is sinking,
The blackbird piping when the sun is down,
And the little stars in the sky a-winking,
Sang not so sweetly as this colleen dun.

"Oh, brown-tressed maiden of rarest beauty,
You've won my heart on this summer day.
To love you always will be my duty,
If you, my fair one, won't say me nay."
"Young man," she answered, "you are a stranger,
And I will ne'er give my heart and hand
To any rover or to any ranger
Who will not fight for his native land."

"In the fields of France has my father battled,
My brothers, too, 'neath the fleur-de-lis,
Where the sabres flashed and the cannon rattled,
Struck many a blow to set Irland free,
And the English flag oft sank before them,
But their graves are made in a foreign strand,
And sad and lonely do I deplore them
Who died away from their native land."

"Oh, bright eyed maiden, the hours I'm counting
'Till the summons comes to the brave and true,
And the green flag flies over plain and mountain,
And pikes are flashing, and muskets, too.
And then astoreen, when the battle's over.
I'll come and ask for your heart and hand;
And if I fall, forget not the rover,
Who died for you and his native land."

THE QUEEN OF CONNEMARA

Oh! my boat can swiftly float
In the teeth of wind and weather,
And outsail the fastest hooker
Between Galway and Kinsale.
When the white rim of the ocean
And the wild waves rush together —
Oh, she rides in her pride
Like a seabird in a gale.

Chorus

She's neat, oh, she's sweet:
She's a beauty every line —
The Queen of Connemara
Is this bounding barque of mine.

When she's loaded down with fish,
'Till the water laves the gunwale,
Not a drop she'll take aboard her
That would wash a fly away:
From the fleet she speeds out quickly
Like a greyhound from her kennel,
'Till she lands her silvery store the first
On old Kilvara Quay.

Chorus

There's a light shines out afar
And it keeps me from dismaying —
When the clouds are ink above us,
And the sea runs white with foam,
In a cot in Connemara
There's a wife and wee ones praying
To the One who walked the waters once
To bring us safely home.

Chorus

—FRANCIS A. FAHY

O'DONNELL ABU!

Proudly the notes of the trumpet are sounding,
Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale;
Flectly the steed by Lough Suiligh is bounding,
To join the thick squadrons in Saimear's green vale.
On, every mountaineer,
Strangers to flight and fear,
Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh!
Bonnought and gallowglass
Throng from each mountain pass,
On for old Erin — O'Donnell abu!

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing,
With many a chieftain and warrior clan;
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing
'Neath the borderers brave from the banks of the Bann.
Many a heart shall quail
Under its coat of mail,
Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,
When on his ear shall ring,
Borne on the breeze's wing
Tir-Chonaill's dread war-cry — O'Donnell abu!

Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling,
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain;
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling,
And all who would scare them are banished or slain.
Grasp every stalwart hand,
Hackbut and battle-brand,
Pay them all back the deep debt so long due;
Norris and Clifford well
Can of Tir-Chonaill tell —
Onward to glory — O'Donnell abu!

Sacred the cause that Clann-Chonaill's defending
The altars we kneel at, the homes of our sires;
Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending,
Midnight is red with the plunderer's fires.
On with O'Donnell then,
Fight the old fight again,
Sons of Tir-Chonaill, all valiant and true;
Make the false Saxon feel
Eirn's avenging steel,
Strike for your country — O'Donnell abu!

—M. J. McCANN

WRAP THE GREEN FLAG ROUND ME, BOYS

Wrap the green flag round me, boys,
To die were far more sweet
With Eirn's noble emblem, boys,
To be my winding sheet.
In life I loved to see it wave,
And follow where it led,
But now my eyes grow dim — my hand
Would grasp its last bright shred.

Chorus

Then wrap the green flag round me, boys
To die were far more sweet
With Eirn's noble emblem, boys,
To be my winding sheet.

And I had hoped to meet you, boys,
On many a well-fought field,
When to our sacred banner, boys,
The traitorous foe would yield.
But now, alas! I am denied
My dearest earthly prayer.
You'll follow and you'll meet the foe,
But I shall not be there.

But though my body moulders, boys
My spirit will be free,
And every comrade's honour, boys,
Will yet be dear to me.
And in the thick and bloody fight
Let not your courage lag,
For I'll be there and hovering near
Around the dear old flag.

—J. K. O'REILLY

THE WEST'S ASLEEP

When all beside a vigil keep,
The West's asleep, the West's asleep —
Alas! and well may Erin weep
When Connacht lies in slumber deep.
There lake and plain smile fair and free,
'Mid rocks their guardian chivalry.
Sing, Oh! let man learn liberty
From crashing wind and lashing sea.

That chainless wave and lovely land
Freedom and nationhood demand;
Be sure the great God never planned
For slumb'ring slaves a home so grand.
And long a brave and haughty race
Honoured and sentinelled the place.
Sing, Oh! not even their sons' disgrace
Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

For often, in O'Connor's van,
To triumph dashed each Connacht clan,
And fleet as deer the Normans ran
Thro' Corlieu's Pass and Ardrahan;
And later times saw deeds as brave,
And glory guards Clanricarde's grave,
Sing, Oh! they died their land to save
At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

And if, when all a vigil keep,
The West's asleep! the West's asleep!
Alas! and well may Erin weep
That Connacht lies in slumber deep.
But, hark! a voice like thunder spake,
The West's awake! the West's awake!
Sing Oh! hurrah! let England quake,
We'll watch till death for Erin's sake!

—THOMAS DAVIS

TO GOD AND IRELAND TRUE

I sit beside my darling's grave,
Who in the prison died,
And though my tears fall thick and fast,
I think of him with pride:
Ay, softly fall my tears like dew,
For one to God and Ireland true.

"I love my God o'er all," he said,
"And then I love my land,
And next I love my Lily sweet,
Who pledged me her white hand:
To each — to all — I'm ever true,
To God — to Ireland and to you."

No tender nurse his hard bed smoothed,
Or softly raised his head.
He fell asleep and woke in heaven
Ere I knew he was dead;
Yet why should I my darling rue?
He was to God and Ireland true.

O 'tis a glorious memory;
I'm prouder than a queen
To sit beside my hero's grave
And think of what has been:
And O, my darling, I am true
To God — to Ireland and to you!

— ELLEN O'LEARY

SEAN FROM GARRYOWEN

(*Sean Sabhar*)

Once more through her Hill and Vale
The Voice of Ulster calls,
And her echoing wail, on a Northern gale
Resounds through Limerick's Walls.
But not in vain, came her cry of pain
Tho' heard by one alone:
For to her aid with Gun and Blade
Went Sean from Garryowen:

Not since the days of Padraig Pearse
Was there a Man like Sean,
With Soul aligned to a Heart that pined
For Freedom's Blessed Dawn,
Young Emmett's mind was his combined
With the Principles of Tone,
While his Christian zeal crowned the Great Ideal
Of Sean from Garryowen.

When he led his Freedom Fighters on
At the drawing of the year,
The Hireling Slaves and Despot Knaves
Of Stormont Lived in Fear:
And when he died a restless tide
Surged round the British Throne,
For "THE LIVING FLAME" was Ireland's name
For Sean from Garryowen.

—CONLEITH MARTIN

ROSSA'S FAREWELL

(Traditional Air)

Farewell to friends of Dublin Town,
I bid ye all adieu.
I cannot yet appoint the day
That I'll return to you.
I write these lines on board a ship
Where the stormy billows roar.
May Heaven bless our Fenian men
'Till I return once more.

I joined the Fenian Brotherhood
In the year of Sixty-Four,
Resolved to free my native land
Or perish on the shore.
My friends and me we did agree
Our native land to save,
And to raise the flag of freedom
O'er the head of Emmet's grave.

My curse attend the English spies
Who did our cause betray!
I'd throw a rope around their necks
And drown them in the Bay.
'There was Nagle, Massey, Corydon,
And Talbot — he makes four.
Like demons in their thirst for gold
They're cursed for evermore.

I laid my plans and drilled my men
In dear old Skibbereen,
And hoped one day to meet the foe
'Neath Ireland's flag of green.
I robbed no man, I spilt no blood,
But they sent me off to jail,
Because I was O'Donovan Rossa
And a son of Granuaile.

WHO FEARS TO SPEAK OF EASTER WEEK?

Air: The Memory of the Dead

Who fears to speak of Easter Week?

Who dares its fate deplore?

The red gold flame of Eire's name

Confronts the world once more!

Oh! Irishmen, remember then,

And raise your heads with pride,

For great men and straight men

Have fought for you and died.

The spirit wave that came to save

The peerless Celtic soul,

From earthly strain of greed to gain

Had caught them in its roll;

Had swept them high to do or die,

To sound a trumpet call:

For true men though few men

To follow one and all.

Upon their shield a stainless field,

With virtues blazoned bright;

With Temperance and Purity

And Truth and Honour right.

So now they stand at God's Right Hand,

Who framed their dauntless clay,

Who taught them and brought them

The glory of to-day.

The storied page of this our age

Will save our land from shame.

The ancient foe had boasted — ho!

That Irishmen were tame.

They bought their souls for paltry doles,

And told the world of slaves.

That lie, men! shall die, men!

In Pearse and Plunkett's graves.

The brave who've gone to linger on

Beneath the tyrant's heel —

We know they pray another day,

With clash of clanging steel.

Now from their cell their voices swell,

And loudly call on you.

Then ask men! the task, men!

That yet remains to do.

THE STAR OF DONEGAL

One evening fair to take the air alone I chanced to stray
Down by a limpid silvery stream that flows beside the way,
I heard two lovers talking by an ancient ruined hall —
And the fair one's name was Mary Jane, the Star of Donegal.

"My lovely maid," the youth he said, "I'm going across the foam
Unto the land of stars and stripes where peace and plenty flow,
I want your faithful promise that you'll wed with none at all
Until I do return to you and the lands of Donegal."

She blushed and sighed and then replied: "It grieves my heart full sore
To think you are compelled to go and leave the Shamrock shore.
Here is my faithful promise that I'll wed with none at all,
But stay at home and do not roam from the lands of Donegal.

"My sweet fair maid," the youth then said, "at home I cannot stay
To California's gold fields I'm bound to cross the sea.
To accumulate a fortune great, to build a splendid hall,
To decorate and cultivate the lands of Donegal."

She raised her lily-white hands and said: "Yon castle in its day
With all its plains and large demesnes from Lifford to the sea
Belonged to our ancestors with many a splendid hall.
And if my father had his rights, I'd be heir of Donegal."

"My darling maid," the youth then said, "the day is drawing near
When Irishmen will return again from all their long career.
Our holy land by God's command the fairest land of all,
And Heaven will see old Ireland free, Bright Star of Donegal."

She blushed and sighed and then replied: "Heaven grant that we may see
St. Patrick's isle of Saints to shine great, glorious and free.
If that be so there's none will go to New York or Montreal;
But will stay at home and will not roam from the lands of Donegal.

He clasped her in his arms and said: "My darling well you know
I love you very dearly and loth I am to go.
Let us get wed without fear or dread, that puts an end to all,
And then I will have my darling girl, the Star of Donegal."

She gave consent and off they went to meet with Father Hugh
Who joined their hands in wedlock bands without any more ado.
From Derry quay they sailed away and bade farewell to all,
And now they're in America, far away from Donegal.

THE VALLEY OF KNOCKANURE

You may sing and speak about Easter Week
And the heroes of Ninety Eight.

Of the Fenian men who roamed the glen
In victory or defeat.

Their names on history's page are told
Their memory will endure.

Not a song was sung of our darling sons
In the Valley of Knockanure.

There was Walsh and Lyons and Dalton boys
They were young and in their prime.

They rambled to a lonely spot
Where the Black and Tans did hide.

The Republic hold they did uphold
Though outlawed on the moor.

And side by side they fought and died
In the Valley of Knockanure.

In Gortaglenna's lovely glen
Three gallant men took shade

While in young wheat full soft and sweet
The Summer's breezes played.

But 'twas not long 'till Lyons came on
Saying time's not mine or yours;

But alas 'twas late and they met their fate
In the Valley of Knockanure.

'Twas on a neighbouring hillside
We listened with calm dismay.

In every house, in every town,
A maiden knelt to pray.

They're closing in around them now
With rifle fire so sure,

And Lyons is dead, and Dalton's down
In the Valley of Knockanure.

They took them then beside a fence
To where the furze did bloom.

Like brothers so they faced the foe
To meet their dreadful doom.

When Dalton spoke his voice it broke,
With a passion proud and pure.

For our land we die as we faced the sky
In the Valley of Knockanure.

But ere the guns could seal his fate
Con Dee had broken through.
With a prayer to God he spurned the sod
As against the hill he flew.
But the bullets tore his flesh in two
Yet he cried with calm dismay:
"Revenge I'll get for my comrades' deaths
In the Valley of Knockanure."

I met with Dalton's mother and she to me did say:
"May God have mercy on his soul who died in the
Glen to-day.
Could I but kiss his cold, cold lips,
My aching heart would care
And I'd gladly lay him down to rest
In the Valley of Knockanure."

The summer sun is setting now behind the Feal and Lea
The pale, pale moon is rising far out beyond Tralee.
The dismal stars and clouds a-far
Are darkening o'er the moor,
And the Banshee cried where our heroes died
In the Valley of Knockanure.

While Walsh and Lyons and Dalton
Are resting in the clay
We have true men yet in Ireland
To man the gap to-day.
While grass is green in Ireland
Your memory will endure.
So God guard and keep the place you sleep
In the Valley of Knockanure.

THE STATION OF KNOCKLONG

The news had spread through Ireland,
And sprang from shore to shore,
Of such a deed no living man
Has ever heard before;
From out those guarded carriages,
Mid a panic-stricken throng,
Sean Hogan he was rescued,
At the Station of Knocklong.

With a guard of four policemen,
And their prisoner minded well,
As that fatal train sped o'er the rails,
Conveying him to his cell;
The prisoner then could scarce foretell
Of hearts both brave and strong,
That were planning for his rescue
At the Station of Knocklong.

'Twas on a gloomy evening,
When at last the train pulled in,
It was halted for an hour or more
By a few courageous men;
Then springing to the carriages,
It did not take them long,
"Hands up or die" was the warning cry,
At the Station of Knocklong.

King George's pampered hirelings
They shrivelled up with fear,
When they thought of how they'd placed in cells
Full many a Volunteer;
Now face to face with armed men,
To escape how they did long,
But two of them met traitor's deaths
At the Station of Knocklong.

From Solohead to Limerick,
Such deeds as these were seen,
And the devil a tear was ever shed
For Wallace or Rosegreen;
They did old England's dirty work
But they did that work too long,
For the renegades were numbered,
At the Station of Knocklong.

Now rise up, Mother Erin,
And always be of cheer,
You ne'er shall die while by your side
There stand such Volunteers;
From Dingle Bay to Garryowen,
The cheers they'll echo long,
Of the rescue of Sean Hogan
At the Station of Knocklong.

THE RISING OF THE MOON

"O then tell me, Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?"
"Hush, mo bhuacaill, hush and listen" and his cheeks were all a-glow
"I bear orders from the Captain—get you ready quick and soon;
For the pikes must be together at the risin' of the moon."

"O then, tell me, Shawn O'Farrell, where the gath'rin' is to be?"
"In the old spot by the river, right well known to you and me;
One word more—for signal token, whistle up the marchin' tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder, at the risin' of the moon."

Out from many a mud-wall cabin eyes were watching through the night;
Many a manly heart was throbbing for the blessed warning light.
Murmurs passed along the valleys, like the Banshee's lonely croon,
And a thousand blades were flashing at the risin' of the moon.

There, beside the singing river, that dark mass of men was seen—
Far above the shining weapons hung their own beloved Green.
"Death to every foe and traitor! Forward! Strike the marchin' tune,
And hurrah, my boys, for freedom! 'tis the risin' of the moon."

Well they fought for poor old Ireland, and full bitter was their fate;
(O wht glorious pride and sorrow fills the name of 'Ninety-Eight!)
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating hearts in manhood's burning noon.
Who would follow in their footsteps at the risin' of the moon.

JOHN K. CASEY

THE ULSTER HILLS

As Ireland deep in slumber lay,
Her wise men counselled peace,
Until the grace to England came,
Her death grip to release.
But there arose to face our foes
Some gallant men who swore
To raise the flag of Ireland aloft
On the Ulster hills once more.

Chorus:

We hail with pride all those who died,
Our freedom to maintain,
And raise the flag of Ireland aloft
On the Ulster hills again.
From Limerick came a soldier brave,
Sean Sabhat, to lead the band
Of volunteers who did invade
The barracks strongly manned
By English troops and native dupes,
And Sean and Feargal died,
In raising over the Ulster hills
Old Ireland's flag with pride.

Chorus:

O Hanluain brave from Monaghan,
Before he went away,
He got his mother's blessing,
"For you," she said "I'll pray.
I gladly give you to the cause,
If God will you should die
In raising over the Ulster hills
Old Ireland's flag on high."

Chorus:

Let neither gain or cowardly fear
Make us stand aside,
We won't deny — we'll loudly cry
Their names with manly pride.
Feargal Og O Hanluain!
Sean Sabhat from Shannon side.
To raise our flag over Ulster hills,
They bravely fought and died.

UPTON AMBUSH

Many homes are filled with sorrow and with sadness,
Many hearts are filled with anguish and with pain.
For old Ireland now she hangs her head in mourning,
For the men who fell at Upton for Sinn Fein.

Chorus:

Let the moon shine to-night along the valley,
Where those men who fought for freedom now are laid.
May they rest in peace those men who died for Ireland,
And who fell at Upton Ambush for Sinn Fein.

Some were thinking of their mothers, wives and sweethearts,
More were thinking of their dear old Irish homes.
Do they think of how they drilled along the valley,
Or when they marched out from Cork City to their doom.

Chorus:

'The morning cry rang out: "Fix bayonets,"
And the gallant lads, they fixed them for the fray.
Gallantly they fought and died for Ireland.
Around the lonely woods at Upton far away.

Chorus:

IF SOME OF YOUR FAVOURITE BALLADS
HAVE BEEN OMITTED, PLEASE ADVISE US.
WE WILL ENDEAVOUR TO INCLUDE THEM
IN THE NEXT ISSUE

IRELAND OVER ALL

Ireland, Ireland, 'fore the wide world,
Ireland, Ireland over all!
When we fight we'll fight for Ireland,
Answer only Ireland's call;
Plain and mountain, rock and ocean,
From the Shannon to the sea.
Ireland, Ireland, 'fore the wide world,
Ireland one and Ireland free!

Ireland's land and Ireland's Nation,
Ireland's faith and hope and song,
Irishmen will yet redeem them
From the foreign tyrant throng;
Ireland's homes and Ireland's hillsides
Shall be free from slavery;
Ireland, Ireland 'fore the wide world,
Ireland one and Ireland free!

Unity and right and freedom
For our Irish Fatherland,
Strive we all we may secure them,
Strive we all with heart and hand
Be our aim then, God defending,
Right, eternal liberty!
Ireland, Ireland 'fore the wide world,
Ireland one and Ireland free!

—EAMONN CEANNÍ

THE JACKETS GREEN

When I was a maiden young and fair on the pleasant banks of Lec,
No bird that in the greenwood sang was half so blithe and free,
No heart ne'er leaped to flying feet, no love sang me his Queen,
Till down the glen rode Sarsfield's men, and they wore their jackets green

Young Donal sat on his gallant grey like a king on a royal seat,
And my heart leapt out on its regal way to worship at his feet;
O love had you come in those colours dressed and wooed with a
soldier's mein,
I'd have laid my head on your throbbing breast for the sake of your
jacket green.

No hoarded wealth did my true love own save the good sword that he
bore;
But I loved him for himself alone and the colours that he wore.
For had he come in England's red to make me England's Queen,
I'd have roved the high green hills instead for the sake of his jacket green

When William stormed with shot and shell at the walls of Garryowen,
In the breach of death my Donal fell and he sleeps near the Treaty Stone.
That breach the foeman never crossed while he swung his broadsword
keen,
But I do not weep my darling lost for he fell 'neath the Flag of Green.

When Sarsfield sailed away I wept as I heard the wild ochone,
I felt then dead as the men who slept 'neath the walls of Garryowen,
While Ireland held my Donal blest no wild seas rolled between,
I still could fold him to my breast all robed in his jacket green.

O Ireland, sad on thy lonely soul there breaks the winter sea,
But sadder and higher the wild waves roll from the hearts that break
for thee.
Yet grief shall come to thy heartless foes, and their thrones in the dust
be seen,
So Irish maids love none but those who wear the Jacket Green.

—MICHAEL SCANTLAN

KELLY OF KILLANNE

What's the news? What's the news? O my bold Shelmalier,
With your long-barrelled gun of the sea?
Say what wind from the north blows his messenger here
With a hymn of the dawn for the free?
"Goodly news, goodly news, do I bring, youth of Forth;
Goodly news shall you hear, Bargy man!
For the boys march at morn from the South to the North,
Led by Kelly, the Boy from Killanne!"

"Tell me who is that giant with the gold curling hair —
He who rides at the head of your band?
Seven feet is his height, with some inches to spare,
And he looks like a king in command!" —
"Ah, my lads, that's the pride of the bold Shelmaliers,
'Mong our greatest of heroes, a Man! —
Fling your beavers aloft and give three ringing cheers
For John Kelly, the Boy from Killanne!"

Enniscorthy's in flames, and old Wexford is won,
And the Barrow to-morrow we cross.
On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun
That will batter the gateways of Ross!
All the Forth men and Bargy men will march o'er the heath,
With brave Harvey to lead on the van;
But the foremost of all in the grim Gap of Death
Will be Kelly, the Boy from Killanne!

But the gold sun of Freedom grew darkened at Ross,
And it set by the Slaney's red waves;
And poor Wexford, stript Naked, hung high on a cross,
And her heart pierced by traitors and slaves!
Glory O! Glory O! To her brave sons who died
For the cause of long-down-trodden man!
Glory O! to Mount Leinster's own darling and pride —
Dauntless Kelly, the Boy from Killanne!

— P. J. MCCALL

THE BOY FROM TRALEE

Emmet and Barry and the Manchester Martyrs
A comrade have met in the bright halls above,
Another young life has been laid down for Ireland,
Another true heart full of faith and of love.
With Barnes and MacCormaic he will live in our memory
And inspire us to fight on 'till Ireland is free:
A friend to the faithful, a foe to the traitors —
Young Cathal O Ceirin,
The Boy from Tralee.

He spoke like a soldier, he stood like a true man,
When the cravens condemned him to death and to shame.
He followed the path of a long line of heroes,
And Ireland forever shall honour his name.
On a First Friday morning in the month of December
The hangman from England came over the sea,
And the traitors to Ireland wreaked vengeance and hatred
On Cathal O Ceirin,
The Boy from Tralee.

God rest him to-night in the brightness of Heaven!
God strengthen each true man to walk where he led,
To raise up the standard of Justice and Freedom,
And win for the living the wave of the Dead!
When the rule of the traitor is ended forever,
And the power of their masters, from sea unto sea,
We'll praise the brave soldier of Poblacht na hEireann —
Young Cathal O Ceirin,
The Boy from Tralee.

— BRIAN NA BANBAN

LONELY BANNA STRAND

'Twas on Good Friday morning all in the month of May
A German ship was signalling beyond there in the bay,
'We've twenty thousand rifles here, all ready for to land'
But no answering signal came from the lonely Banna Strand.

A motor-car was dashing through the early morning gloom.
A sudden crash, and in the sea they went to meet their doom.
Two Irish lads lay dying there just like their hopes so grand,
They could not give the signal now from lonely Banna Strand.

'No signal answers from the shore,' Sir Roger sadly said.
'No comrades here to welcome me, alas! they must be dead;
But I must do my duty and at once I mean to land.'
So in a boat he pulled ashore on lonely Banna Strand.

The German ships were lying there with rifles in galore.
Up came a British ship and spoke, 'No Germans reach the shore;
You are our Empire's enemy, and so we bid you stand.
No German foot shall e'er pollute the lonely Banna Strand.'

They sailed for Queenstown Harbour. Said the Germans: 'We're
undone,
The British are our masters' man for man and gun for gun.
We've twenty thousand rifles here, but they never will reach land.
We'll sink them all and bid farewell to lonely Banna Strand.'

The R.I.C. were hunting for Sir Roger high and low.
They found him at McKenna's Fort, said they: 'You are our foe.'
Said he: 'I'm Roger Casement, I came to my native land.
I meant to free my countrymen on the lonely Banna Strand.'

They took Sir Roger prisoner and sailed for London Town,
And in the Tower they laid him as a traitor to the Crown.
Said he: 'I am no traitor' but his trial he had to stand
For bringing German rifles to the lonely Banna Strand.

'Twas in an English prison that they led him to his death.
'I'm dying for my country,' he said with his last breath.
He's buried in a prison yard far from his native land.
The wild waves sing his Requiem on the Lonely Banna Strand.

LET ME CARRY YOUR CROSS FOR IRELAND, LORD!

Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!
The hour of her trial draws near,
And the pangs and the pains of the sacrifice
May be borne by comrades dear.
But, Lord, take me from the offering throng,
There are many far less prepared,
Though anxious and all as they are to die
That Ireland may be spared.

Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!
My cares in this world are few.
And few are the tears will for me fall
When I go on my way to You.
Spare. Oh! Spare to their loved ones dear
The brother and son and sire.
That the cause we love may never die
In the land of our heart's desire!

Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!
Let me suffer the pain and shame.
I bow my head to their rage and hate,
And I take on myself the blame.
Let them do with my body whate'er they will,
My spirit I offer to You,
That the faithful few who heard her call
May be spared to Roisin Dubh.

Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!
For Ireland weak with tears,
For the aged man of the clouded brow,
And the child of tender years;
For the empty homes of her golden plains;
For the hopes of her future, too!
Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!
For the cause of Roisin Dubh.

—THOMAS ASHE

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin', long ago, when first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green, and the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary, and the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary, the day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear, and the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, and your breath, warm on my
 cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words you never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane, and the little church stands near —
The church where we were wed, Mary, I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary, and my step might break your
 rest —
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep, with your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor make no new friends;
But O they love the better still, the few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary, my blessin' and my pride!
There's nothin left to care for now, since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary, that still kept hopin' on
When the trust in God had left my soul, and my arm's young strength
 was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip, and the kind look on your brow —
I bless you, Mary, for that same, though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile when your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there, and you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word, when your heart was sad and sore —
O I'm thankful you are gone, Mary, where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell, my Mary — kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling, in the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all, and the sun shines always there
But I'll not forget old Ireland, were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods I'll sit and shut my eyes.
And my heart will travel back again to the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile where we sat side by side;
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn when first you were
 my bride.

—HELEN SELINA, LADY DUFFERIN

Old Version of: THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

I met with Napper Tandy,
And he took me by the hand,
Saying, how is dear old Ireland?
And how does she stand?
She's the most distressful country
That ever yet was seen;
They are hanging men and women
For wearing of the green!
O Wearing of the Green,
O Wearing of the Green,
My native land, I cannot stand,
For wearing of the green.

My father loved you tenderly
He lies within your breast;
While I, that would have died for you,
Must never so be blest;
For laws, their cruel laws, have said
That seas should roll between
Old Ireland and her faithful sons
Who love to wear the green.
O Wearing of the Green.
O Wearing of the Green,
My native land, I cannot stand,
For wearing of the green.

I care not for the Thistle,
And I care not for the Rose;
When bleak winds round us whistle,
Neither down nor crimson shows.
But like hope to him that's friendless,
Where no joy around is seen,
O'er our graves with love that's endless
Blooms our own immortal green.
O Wearing of the Green,
O Wearing of the Green,
My native land, I cannot stand,
For wearing of the green.

THE BOLD RAPPAREE

He came o'er the hills at the dawning of day,
With his troops and pikemen in battle array;
'Mong his clansmen the proudest and bravest was he —
Oh! the chief of them all was the bold Rapparee.

I saw him at eve, when the battle was o'er,
And the sheen of his green was all ruddy with gore;
But I knew by his bearing unconquered was he
In the cause of his country — the bold Rapparee.

O! sweet was the promise he whispered me when
We mournfully parted adown in the glen;
He vowed he'd come back when the old land was free,
And claim me his bride, did the bold Rapparee.

My mother she chides when I mention his name,
And tells me to wed, for his riches and fame;
A soft Saxon lordling of noble degree;
But my heart's o'er the hills with my own Rapparee.

Oh! I wish I was back once again in my home
Among the green woodlands of sunny Tyrone;
To roam through the meadows light-hearted and free,
And bask in the smile of my bold Rapparee.

God bless his bright banner, where'er 'tis unrolled!
May victory smile on his flag as of old;
'Till the false-hearted foemen are sunk in the sea,
And freedom and love bless my bold Rapparee.

—WILLIAM COLLINS

CATHAL BRUGHHA

(Air: *The Tri-Coloured Ribbon*)

In Dublin's fair city, the sun it was sinking
Our I.R.A. assembled, the fight to resume
Marshallled by their Commandant, old Ireland's great defender
And our Easter Week survivor, the dauntless Cathal Brugha.

Chorus:

May God rest the soul of our brave undaunted soldier
To his land and his comrades 'till death he proved true.
And may God bless the brave lads who followed in his footsteps,
But remember, "No Surrender" were the dying words of Brugha.

The fight it was raging, the roofs they were blazing,
The cannons were pealing, every aim sad and true.
His comrades raised the white flag, to save their brave leader,
Far more prized than their own, was the dear life of Brugha.

He cried: "Boys no white flag shall ever wave above me,
I'll make my dash for freedom and fighting I'll go through."
Then dashing through their cordons, the deadly bullets hitting him,
What a vict'ry for the Free State, three hundred shooting Brugha.

Bleeding and dying lay Ireland's great defender,
No earthly aid could save him, for his wounds were old and new.
He left this world on Friday, the same day as Our Saviour,
And to join the Irish martyrs, went the soul of Cathal Brugha.

His body lies in Dublin, in a cold and silent grave,
But forever in old Ireland, his memory shall be new.
No foreign gold could buy him, no foe could ever change him,
What a model for Old Ireland was the life of Cathal Brugha.

THE BATTLE EVE OF THE BRIGADE

The mess-tent is full and the glasses are set,
And the gallant Count Thomond is President yet.
The vet'ran arose, like an uplifted lance,
Crying: "Comrades, a health to the Monarch of France!"
With bumpers and cheers they have done as he bade,
For King Louis is loved by the Irish Brigade.

"A health to King James," and they bent as they quaffed,
"Here's to George the Elector," and fiercely they laughed,
"Good luck to the girls we woo'd long ago,
Where Shannon, and Barrow and Avondhu flow";
"God prosper Old Ireland," you'd think them afraid,
So pale grew the chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

But surely, that light cannot come from our lamp?
And that noise — are they all getting drunk in the camp?
"Hurrah! boys, the morning of battle is come;
And the general's beating on many a drum."
So they rush from the revel to join the parade,
For the van is the right of the Irish Brigade.

They fought as they revelled — fast, fiery, and true,
And though victors, they left on the field not a few:
And they, who survived, fought and drank as of yore,
But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more.
For in far foreign fields from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

—THOMAS DAVIS

THE BOYS OF KILMICHAEL

Whilst we honour in song and in story
The memory of Pearse and McBride,
Whose names are illumined in glory
With martyrs who long since have died.
Forget not the boys of Kilmichael,
Those brave lads so gallant and true,
Who fought 'neath the green flag of Eirn
And conquered the Red, White and Blue.

Chorus:

Then here's to the boys of Kilmichael
Who feared not the might of the foe.
The day that they marched into battle
They laid all the Black-and Tans low.

On the twenty-eight day of November,
The Tans left the town of Macroom,
They were seated in two Crossley tenders
Which led them right into their doom;
They were on the road to Kilmichael
And never expected to stall,
They there met the boys of the column
Who made a clear sweep of them all.

Chorus:

The sun in the west it was sinking,
'Twas the eve of a cold winter's day;
When the Tans we were eagerly waiting
Sailed into the spot where we lay;
And over the hills went the echo
The peal of the rifle and gun,
And the flames from their lorries gave tidings
That the boys of the column had won.

Chorus:

The lorries were ours before twilight,
And high over Dunmanway town
Our Banners in triumph were waving
To show that the Tans had gone down;
We gathered our rifles and bayonets,
And soon left the glen so obscure,
And never drew rein 'till we halted
At the far-away camp of Glenure.

Chorus:

THE BOLD BLACK AND TAN

Says Lloyd-George to Macpherson: 'I'll give you the sack,
To uphold law and order you haven't the knack,
I'll send over Greenwood, a much stronger man,
And fill up Erin's Isle with the bold Black and Tan.'

He sent them all over to pillage and loot,
And burn down the houses the inmates to shoot.
'To re-conquer Ireland,' says he, 'is my plan,
With Macready and Co. and his bold Black and Tan.'

The town of Balbriggan they've burned to the ground,
While bullets like hailstones were whizzing around;
And women left homeless by this evil clan.
They've waged war on children, the bold Black and Tan.

From Dublin to Cork and from Trim to Mayo,
Lies a trail of destruction wherever they go;
With England to help and fierce passions to fan,
She must feel bloody proud of her bold Black and Tan.

Ah, then not by the terrors of England's foul horde,
For ne'er could a nation be ruled by the sword;
For our country we'll have yet in spite of her plan,
Or ten times the number of bold Black and Tan.

We defeated conscription in spite of their threats,
And we're going to defeat old Lloyd-George and his pets,
For Ireland and Freedom we're here to a man,
And we'll humble the pride of the bold Black and Tan.

BOLD ROBERT EMMET

The struggle is over, the boys are defeated,
Old Ireland's surrounded with sadness and gloom,
We were defeated and shamefully treated,
And I, Robert Emmet, awaiting my doom.
Hung, drawn and quartered, sure that was my sentence,
But soon I will show them no coward am I,
My crime is the love of the land I was born in —
A hero I lived and a hero I'll die.

Chorus:

Bold Robert Emmet, the darling of Erin,
Bold Robert Emmet will die with a smile.
Farewell companions both loyal and daring,
I'll lay down my life for the Emerald Isle.

The barque lay at anchor awaiting to bring me
Over the billows to the land of the free;
But I must see my sweetheart for I know she will cheer me,
And with her I will sail far over the sea.
But I was arrested and cast into prison,
Tried as a traitor, a rebel, a spy;
But no one can call me a knave or a coward —
A hero I lived and a hero I'll die.

Chorus:

Hark! the bell's tolling, I well know its meaning.
My poor heart tells me it is my death knell;
In come the clergy, the warder is leading,
I have no friends here to bid me farewell.
Goodbye, old Ireland, my parents and sweetheart,
Companions in arms, to forget you must try:
I am proud of the honour, it was only my duty —
A hero I lived and a hero I'll die.

Chorus:

THE BOLD FENIAN MEN

Oh see who comes over the red blossomed heather,
Their green banners kissing the pure mountain air,
Heads erect, eyes to front, stepping proudly together,
Freedom sits throned on each proud spirit there.
While down the hills twining,
Their blessed steel shining
Like rivers of beauty they flow through each glen;
From mountain and valley,
'Tis Liberty's rally—
Out and make way for the bold Fenian Men!

Our prayers and our tears have been scoffed and derided,
They've shut out God's sunlight from spirit and mind,
Our foes were united, and we were divided,
We met and they scattered us all to the wind.
But once more returning,
Within our veins burning
The fires that illumined dark Aherlow's glen;
We raise the cold cry anew,
Slogan of Con and Hugh—
Out and make way for the bold Fenian Men!

We've men from the Nore, from the Suir, and the Shannon,
Let tyrants come forth, we'll bring force against force —
Our pen is the sword and our voice is the cannon,
Rifle for rifle, and horse against horse.
We've made the false Saxon yield
Many a red battle-field:
God on our side we will triumph again;
O pay them back woe for woe,
Strike them back blow for blow—
Out and make way for the bold Fenian Men!

Side by side for the cause have our forefathers battled,
Where our hills never echo'd the tread of slave.
On many a green hills where the leaden hail rattled,
Through the red gap of danger they march'd to their grave.
And we who inherit
Their names and their spirit,
Will march 'neath the banners of Vict'ry then,
All who love Saxon law,
Native or Sassenach must
Out and make way for the bold Fenian Men!

—MICHAEL SCANLAN

A BATTLE HYMN

Armed for the battle, kneel we before Thee,
Bless Thou our banners, God of the brave!
Ireland is living! Shout we exultant;
Ireland is waking, hands grasp the sword.
Who fights for Ireland, God guide his blows home;
Who dies for Ireland, God give him peace!
Knowing our cause just, march we triumphant,
Living or dying, Ireland to free!

The spirit of Freedom floats in the ether,
Souls of our heroes march by our side.
Tone is our battle-cry; Emmet inspires us;
Those who for Freedom fall never shall die.
England is breaking! shout we exultant;
England is beaten- Ireland is free!
Charge for the old cause; down with the old foe!
Giving our hearts' blood Ireland to free!

—CONSTANCE DE MARKIEVICZ

BOOLAVOGUE

At Boolavogue as the sun was setting
O'er the bright May meadows of Shelmaliar,
A rebel hand set the heather blazing
And brought the neighbours from far and near.
Then Father Murphy, from old Kilcormack,
Spurred up the rocks with a warning cry:
"Arm! Arm!" he cried, "for I've come to lead you
For Ireland's freedom we live and die."

He lead us on 'gainst the coming soldiers,
And the cowardly Yeomen we put to flight'
'Twas at the Barrow the boys of Wexford
Showed Bookeys regiment how men could fight.
Look out for hirelings, King George of England,
Search every kingdom where breathes a slave.
For Father Murphy from the County Wexford
Sweeps o'er the land like a mighty wave.

We took Camolin and Enniscorthy,
And Wexford storming drove out our foes;
'Twas at Sliabh Coillte our pikes were reeking
With the crimson stream of the beaten Yeos.
At Tubberneering and Ballyellis
Full many a Hessian lay in his gore
Ah, Father Murphy, had aid come over
The green flag floated from shore to shore!

At Vinegar Hill, o'er the pleasant Slancy,
Our heroes vainly stood back to back
And the Yeos at Tullow took Father Murphy
And burned his body upon the rack.
God grant you glory, brave Father Murphy,
And open heaven to all your men;
The cause that called you may call to-morrow
In another fight for the green again.

—P. J. McCall

THE BOYS OF WEXFORD

Inn comes the captain's daughter, the captain of the Yeos.,
Saying: "Brave United Irishmen, we'll ne'er again be foes.
A thousand pounds I'll bring if you will fly from home with me,
And dress myself in man's attire and fight for liberty."

Chorus:

We are the boys of Wexford, who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain and free our land.

"I want no gold, my maiden fair, to fly from home with thee;
Your shining eyes will be my prize — more dear than gold to me.
I want no gold to nerve my arm to do a true man's part —
To free my native land I'd gladly give the red drops of my heart."

Chorus:

And when we left our cabins, boys, we left with right good will
To see our friends and neighbours that were at Vinegar Hill!
A young man from our Irish ranks a cannon he let go;
He slapt it into Lord Mountjoy — a tyrant he laid low!

Chorus:

We bravely fought and conquered at Ross and Wexford town;
Three Bullet Gate for years to come will speak for our renown;
Through Walpole's horse and Walpole's foot on Tubberneering's day,
Depending on the long, bright pike, we cut our gory way.

Chorus:

And Oulart's name shall be their shame, whose steel we ne'er did fear,
For every man could do his part like Forth and Shelmalier!
And if' for want of leaders, we lost at Vinegar Hill,
We're ready for another fight, and love our country still!

Chorus:

—ROBERT DWYER JOYCE

CEANN DUBH DILIS

O Dear Dark Head, bowed low in death's black sorrow,
Let not thy heart be trammelled in despair;
Lift, lift thine eyes unto the radiant morrow,
And wait the light that surely shall break there.
What, though the grave hath closed above thy dearest,
All are not gone that love thee, nor all fled;
And though thine own sweet tongue thou seldom hearest,
Yet shall it ring again, O Dear Dark Head.

O Dear Dark Head that mourneth by thy waters,
Crooning a caoineadh for the countless graves
Of valliant sons and brave truc-hearted daughters.
Waiting the angle's trump beneath the waves.
Take from each rising sun some ray to cheer thee,
Some gleam of glory from each sunset red;
They bring an hour all close and closer near thee,
That shall avenge these graves. O Dear Dark Head.

O Dear Dark Head, though but the curlew's screaming
Wakens the echoes of the hill and glen;
Yet shalt thou see once more the bright steel bleaming,
Yet shalt thou hear again the tramp of men;
And though their fathers' fate be theirs, shall others
With hearts as faithful still that pathway tread,
'Till we have set, oh! mother dear of mothers,
A nation's crown upon thy Dear Dark Head.

O Dear Dark Head, let not thy waiting daunt thee,
The future if thou willest can be thine;
The past can summon up no shades to haunt thee,
Of perjured faith or desecrated shrine;
Lift, lift thy heart then; for each year of mourning,
Each sigh you breathed, every tear you shed,
There yet shall be a jewel bright adorning
Thy mantle's myriad folds. O Dear Dark Head.

—WILLIAM ROONEY

BANTRY BAY

As I'm sitting all alone in the gloaming,
It might have been but yesterday,
That we wach'd the fisher sails all homing
'Till the little herring fleet at anchor lay;
Then the fisher girls with baskets swinging,
Came running down the old stoneway,
Ev'ry lassie to her sailor lad was singing
A welcome back to Bantry Bay.

Then we heard the piper's sweet note tuning,
And all the lassies turn'd to hear,
As they mingled with a soft voice crooning,
'Till the music floated down the wooden pier.
"Save you kindly, colleens all," said the piper,
"Hands across and trip it while I play"
And a joyous sound of song and merry dancing
Stole softly over Bantry Bay.

As I'm sitting all alone in the gloaming,
The shadows of the past draw near,
And I see the loving faces around me
That used to glad the old brown pier;
Some are gone upon their last lov'd homing,
Some are left, but they are old and grey,
And we're waiting for the tide in the gloaming,
To sail upon the Great Highway.
To that land of rest unending,
All peacefully from Bantry Bay.

—JAMES L. MOLLOY

CARRIGDHOUN

(Air: *The Foggy Dew*)

On Carrigdhoun the heath is brown,
The clouds are dark o'er Ardnalee,
And many a stream comes rushing down
To swell the angry Owenabee.
The moaning blast is sweeping past
Thro' many a leafless tree,
And I'm alone for he is gone,
My hawk has flown, ochon mo chroidhe!

The heath was green on Carrigdhoun,
Bright shone the sun on Ardnalee;
The dark green trees bent trembling down,
To kiss the slumbering Ownabee.
That happy day, 'twas but last May,
'Tis like a dream to me,
When Domhnal swore, aye, o'er and o'er,
We'll part no more, a stor mo chroidhe!

Soft April showers and bright May flowers
Will bring the summer back again.
But will they bring me back the hours
I spent with my brave Domhnal then?
'Tis but chance, for he's gone to France
To wear the fleur-de-lis;
But I'll follow you, my Domhnal dhu,
For still I'm true to you, a chroidhe!

—DENNY LANE

"IF"

(Le caoin-chead ROSC)

If I could coax an Irish child to listen
To Pearse's lines about the slanting sun;
If I could help him glean a little fraction,
From this man's knowledge of the Eternal One.

If I could lead him in Pearse's footsteps,
And fire him with the oath that this boy vowed;
If he perchance should kneel and thus pray likewise,
I'd surely feel a teacher mighty proud.

If I could charm this child when twilight lingers
Around the fire with tales of long ago:
Of heroes bold who stood four-square freedom —
At such a school young Pearse felt freedom's glow.

If I could preach a love of our sireland.
As the mother Pearse did with her little ones.
Then I should be a teacher of the mothers,
Who do forget that Ireland needs her sons.

If I could tell this child what Pearse endured
To free such parents from the slave-mind plague;
Then I might say another Pearse was moulded
To snatch our lost ideals from the grave.

—LIBHIN NIC GABHANN

THE IRISH PEASANT GIRL

She lived beside the Anner,
At the foot of Slieve-na-mon,
A gentle peasant girl,
With mild eyes like the dawn;
Her lips were dewy rosebuds;
Her teeth of pearls rare;
And snowdrift 'neath a beechen bough
Her neck and nut-brown hair.
How pleasant 'twas to meet her
On Sundays, when the bell
Was tilling with its mellow tones
Lone wood and grassy dell!
And when at eve young maidens
Strayed the river-bank along,
The widow's brown-haired daughter
Was loveliest of the throng.
O brave, brave Irish girls —
We may well call you brave! —
Sure the least of all your perils
Is the stormy ocean wave,
When you leave your quiet valleys
And cross the Atlantic foam,
To board your hard-won earnings
For the helpless ones at home.
“Write word to my own dear mother —
Say, we'll meet with God above;
And tell my little brothers
I send them all my love;
May the angles ever guard them,
Is their dying sister's prayer” —
And folded in the letter
Was a braid of nut-brown hair.
Ah, cold and well-nigh callous
This weary heart has grown,
For thy helpless fate, dear Ireland,
And for sorrows of my own;
Yet a tear my eye will moisten,
When by the Anner side I stray,
For the lily of the mountain foot
That withered far away.

—CHARLES KICKHAM

THE STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

Near Banbridge Town in the County Down

One morning last July,

Down a breen green came a sweet colleen,

And she smiled as she passed me by;

She looked so sweet from her two bare feet

To the sheen of her nut-brown hair;

Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself,

For to see I was really there.

Chorus:

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,

And from Galway to Dublin town,

No maid I've seen like the brown colleen,

That I met in the County Down.

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head,

And I looked with a feeling rare,

And I says, says, I to a passer-by:

"Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"

He smiled at me and he says, says he:

"That's the gem of Ireland's crown,

Young Rosie McCann from the Banks of the Bann,

She's the star of the County Down."

Chorus:

At the harvest fair she'll be surely there,

So I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,

With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right,

For a smile from the nut-brown rose:

No pipe I'll smoke — no horse I'll yoke,

'Till my plough is rust-coloured brown:

'Till a smiling bride by my own fireside

Sits the star of the County Down.

Chorus:

—CATHAL MCGARVEY

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking;
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

—THOMAS MOORE

A SHAWL OF GALWAY GREY

'Twas short the night we parted,
Too quickly came the day,
When silent, broken-hearted,
I went from you away;
The dawn was bright'ning o'er Glenrue,
As stole the stars away,
The last fond look I caught of you
In your shawl of Galway Grey.

Oh, I've seen the silks and laces,
And well they look an' show,
Beneath the pretty faces
Of gentle girls I know.
But this — a secret I'll confide —
I'd leave them all to-day,
To meet you on a green hillside
In your shawl of Galway Grey.

The well is sparkling as of yore,
The sky still grey and blue,
The dog outside your father's door
Keeps watch and ward for you.
And all this picture now I see,
But, ah! so far away —
Is brightened by your grace so free
And your shawl of Galway Grey.

Let others love some prouder dame
With frills and flowers bedecked.
Your power o'er me is still the same,
Its play remains unchecked.
And all I wish is for Glenrue,
My homeland far away.
And life and love beside you
In your shawl of Galway Grey.

—P. HOGAN

STEP TOGETHER

Step together — boldly tread,
Firm each foot erect each head;
Fixed in front be every glance —
Forward, at the word "Advance!"
Serried files that foes may dread;
Like the deer on mountain heather,
Tread light,
Left — right —
Steady, boys, and step together!

Step together — be each rank
Dressed in line, from flank to flank;
Marching so that you may halt
'Mid the onset's fierce assault.
Firm as is the rampart's bank
Raised the iron rain to weather.
Proud sight!
Left — right —
Steady, boys, and step together!

Step together — be your tramp
Quick and light — no plodding stamp.
Let its cadence, quick and clear,
Fall like music on the ear.
Noise befits not hall or camp —
Eagles soar on silent feather.
Tread light,
Left — right —
Steady, boys, and step together!

Step together — self restrained,
Be your march of thought as trained;
Each man's single powers combined
Into one battalioned mind.
Moving on with step sustained,
Thus prepared, we reck not whether
Foes smite,
Left — right —
Steady, boys, and step together!

— M. J. BARRY

SKIBBEREEN

Oh, father dear, I often hear you speak of Erin's isle,
Her lofty scenes and valleys green, her mountains rude and wild,
They say it is a lovely land wherein a prince might dwell.
Oh, why did you abandon it? The reason to me tell.

Oh, son I loved my native land with energy and pride,
'Till a blight came over all the land — my sheep, my cattle, died;
My rent and taxes were to pay, I could not them redeem,
And that's the cruel reason why I left old Skibbereen.

Oh, well do I remember the bleak December day,
The landlord and the sheriff came to drive us all away;
They set my roof on fire with their demon yellow spleen,
And that's another reason that I left old Skibbereen.

Your mother, too, God rest her soul, fell on the snowy ground,
She fainted in her anguish, seeing the desolation round.
She never rose, but passed away from life to mortal dream,
And found a quiet grave, my boy, in dear old Skibbereen.

And you were only two years old and feeble was your frame,
I could not leave you with my friends — you bore your father's name —
I wrapt you in my cota mor at the dead of night unscen,
I heaved a sigh and bade good-bye to dear old Skibbereen.

Oh, well do I remember the year of '48,
When I rose with comrades brave and true to battle against fate,
I was hunted through the bills by slaves who served a foreign Queen,
And that's another reason why I left old Skibbereen.

Oh, father dear, the day will come when vengeance loud will call,
When Irish men with feelings stern will rally one and all.
I'll be the man to lead the van beneath the flag of Green
When loud and high we'll raise a cry — Revenge for Skibbereen.

SEAN TREACY

We often heard our fathers tell
How in the Fenian times
The noblest of Tipperary's sons
Imprisoned spent their lives.

Those tales we can hear daily,
And the deeds of valiant men,
As the war goes on unceasingly
Through valley, hill and glen.

They searched for Sean at midnight;
His comrades with him slept.
Macready's murdering bloodhounds
In silence on them crept.

Our heroes fought as brave men should;
And made a gallant fight;
With bullet food they did conclude
The lives of Swith and White.

In a crowded Dublin street Sean died
On a dim October day;
The story will be told with pride
While men in Eirinn stay.

With trusty gun held in his hand,
Two sleuth hounds he laid low;
'Twas well they knew the island through
They had no braver foe.

When the British saw the battle
They shook with fear and dread,
A machine gun then did rattle,
And our hero bold lay dead.

Sean Treacy killed! Sean Treacy killed!
Was borne along the breeze.
No bells were rung; no caoin was sung;
He died for Ireland free.

While grass grows green in Eirinn,
We'll think of you, brave Sean!
We'll sing your praise o'er hill and vale,
When grief and gloom are gone.

And when the dawn of Freedom's sun
Shines out on Erin's skies.
In our Gaelic tongue we'll tell our sons
How brave Sean Treacy died.

STREET BALLAD

THE BARD OF ARMAGH

O list to the strains of a poor Irish harper,
And scorn not the strains from his poor withered hand.
Remember his fingers could once move much sharper
To raise up the mem'ry of his dear native land.

At fair or at wake I could twist my shillelagh,
Or trip through the jig with my brogues bound with straw,
And all the pretty maids in the village and valley
Loved the bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh.

And when Sergeant Death in his cold arms shall embrace me,
To lull me to sleep with sweet Erin go brath,
By the side of my Kathleen, my young wife, oh place me,
Then forget Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh.

THE THREE FLOWERS

One time when walking down a lane,
When night was drawing nigh.
I met a cailin with three flowers,
And she more young than I.
"St. Patrick bless you, dear," said I,
"If you'll be quick and tell
The place where you did find these flowers,
I seem to know so well."

She took and kissed the first flower once,
And sweetly said to me:
"This flower comes from the Wicklow hills,
Dew wet and pure," said she,
"It's name is Michael Dwyer —
The strongest flower of all;
But I'll keep it fresh beside my breast
Though all the world should fall."

She took and kissed the next flower twice,
And sweetly said to me:
"This flower I culled on Antrim hill,
Outside Belfast," said she.
"The name I call it is Wolfe Tone, —
The bravest flower of all;
But I'll keep it fresh beside my breast
Though all the world should fall."

She took and kissed the next flower thrice,
And softly said to me:
"This flower I found in Thomas Street,
In Dublin fair," said she.
"It's name is Robert Emmet,
The youngest flower of all;
But I'll keep it fresh beside my breast,
Though all the world should fall."

Then Emmet, Dwyer and Tone I'll keep,
For I do love them all;
And I'll keep them fresh beside my breast
Though all the world should fall."

—NORMAN G. REDDIN

THE THREE-COLOURED RIBBON

(A Ballad of Easter Week)

I had a true love, if ever a girl had one
I had a true love, a brave lad was he;
One fine Easter Monday with his gallant comrades
He started away for to set Ireland free.

Chorus:

All round my hat I wear a three-coloured ribbon O
All round my hat until death comes to me;
And if anybody's asking why do I wear it,
It's all for my true love I never more shall see.

His bandolier round him, his bright bayonet shining,
His short service rifle, a beauty to see;
'There was joy in his eyes though he left me behind him
And started away for to set Ireland free.

Chorus:

He whispered: "Good-bye, love, old Ireland is calling,
High over Dublin our tricolour flies;
In the streets of the city the foeman is falling,
And wee birds are singing 'Old Ireland, arise!'"

Chorus:

In praying and watching the dark days passed over,
The roar of the guns brought no message to me;
I prayed for old Ireland, I prayed for my lover,
That he might be saved, and old Ireland be free.

Chorus:

The struggle was ended, they brought me the story,
The last whispered message he sent unto me:
"I was true to my land, love, I fought for her glory,
And gave up my life for to make Ireland free!"

Chorus:

—PEADAR O CEARNAIGH

MY ONLY SON WAS SHOT IN DUBLIN

(Street Ballad)

The night was dark and the fight was ended

I stood alone where brave men fell.

I stood alone where brave men perished,

For now they sit on God's right hand.

Chorus:

My only son was shot in Dublin

Fighting for his country bold.

He fought for Ireland, Ireland only

The Harp and Shamrock, the Green, White and Gold.

The first I met was a gray haired Fenian

Looking for his only son.

I said: "Old man there is no use searching,

For straight to heaven your son has gone."

Chorus:

"O God!" he cried, "I am broken hearted,"

"O God!" he cried, going on his knees.

"I knew my son was too kind hearted,

I knew my son would never yield."

Chorus:

The next I met was a fair young maiden

Kneeling by her lover's side.

Praying to God, her Heavenly Father,

Praying to God his soul to guide.

Chorus:

The last I met was a dying rebel:

Kneeling low I heard him cry:

"God bless my home in dear Cork City,

God bless the cause for which I die."

Chorus:

THE MEN OF BARRY'S COLUMN

When British Terror failed to win
Allegiance from our people then,
The Black and Tans they were brought in,
They thought they'd teach us manners;
Instead of teaching they were taught
A lesson which they dearly bought,
For when Kilmichael's day was fought,
Low was their bloody banner.

They sought to wipe the column out,
From East to West, from North to South,
'Till at Crossbarry's bloody rout,
They woke from their day dreaming,
Though ten to one they were that day,
Our boys were victors in the fray,
And over the hills we marched away
With bagpipes merrily screaming.

The Essex brutes who tortured Hales,
They scoured the land to fill the jails,
Though their ugly deeds would pale
The cheeks of Irish mothers.
Paid dearly for their deeds were they
When passing by Toureen one day,
We dearly made the Essex pay
And well avenged our brothers.

When Barry saw the Tans efface,
The spirit of his fighting race,
Right through his soul did madly chase,
His blood went boiling over,
He marched his men to Rossa's town
And burned that famous fortress down,
And never again will Britain's crown
Her foothold there recover.

Chorus:

So piper, play a martial air
For the gallant boys who conquered there.
No merry tune to banish care,
Or mournful or solemn.
The grander tune of all was played
By the fighting squad of the Third Brigade,
Whose glorious deeds will never fade.
The men of Barry's Column.

HENRY JOY McCracken

It was on the Belfast mountains I heard a maid complain,
And she vexed the sweet June evening with her heart-broken strain
Saying: "Woe is me, life's anguish is more than I can dree,
Since Henry Joy McCracken died on the gallows tree."

At Donegore he proudly rode and he wore a suit of green,
And brave though vain at Antrim his sword flashed lightning keen.
And when by spies surrounded, his band to Slemish fled,
He came unto the Cavehill to rest his weary head.

I watched for him each night long as in our cot he slept;
At daybreak through the heather to MacArt's fort we crept.
When news came from Greencastle of a good ship anchored nigh,
And 'twas down by yon wee fountain we met to say goodbye.

He says: "My love be cheerful, for tears and fears are vain."
He says: "My love be hopeful, this land will rise again."
He kissed me fondly, he kissed me three times o'er,
Saying: "Death shall never part us, my love for evermore."

That night I climbed the Cavehill and watched 'till morning blazed,
And when its fires had kindled across the loch I gazed;
I saw an English tender at anchor off Garmoyle,
But alas! no good ship bore him away to France's soil.

And twice that night a tramping came from the old shore road;
'Twas Ellis and his yeomen, false Niblock with them strode;
My father home returning the doleful story told,
"Alas," he says, "young Harry Joy for fifty pounds is sold."

"And is it true?" I ask her. "Yes it is true," she said,
"For to this heart that loved him, I pressed his gory head.
And every night, pale, bleeding, his ghost comes to my side,
My Harry, my dead Harry, comes for his promised bride."

Now on the Belfast mountains this fair maid's voice is still,
For in a grave they laid her on high Carnmoney hill.
And the sad waves beneath her chant a requiem for the dead:
But the rebel wind shrieks freedom above her weary head.

JOHN MITCHELL

I am a true-born Irishman, John Mitchell is my name.
When first I joined my comrades from Newry town I came;
I laboured hard both day and night to free my native land
For which I was transported unto Van Diemen's Land.

When first I joined my countrymen it was in '42;
And what did happen after that I'll quickly tell to you:
I raised the standard of Repeal, I gloried in the deed;
I vowed to heaven I ne'er would rest 'till Old Ireland would be freed.

Farewell my gallant comrades, it grieves my heart full sore;
To think that I must part from you, perhaps for evermore;
The love I bear my native land, I know no other crime;
That is the reason I must go into a foreign clime.

As I lay in strong irons bound, before my trial day
My loving wife came to my cell and this to me did say:
"Oh, John, my dear, cheer up your heart, undaunted always be,
For its better to die for Erin's rights than live in slavery."

I was placed on board a convict ship without the least delay;
For Bermuda's Isle our course was steered: I'll ne'er forget the day.
As I stood upon the deck to take a farewell view;
I shed a tear, but not for fear, my native land, for you.

Adieu! Adieu! to sweet Belfast, and likewise Dublin too,
And to my young and tender babes; alas, what will they do?
But there's one request I ask of you, when your liberty you gain:
Remember John Mitchell far away, a convict bound in chains.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-Eight?

Who blushes at the name?

When cowards mock the patriot's fate,

Who hangs his head for shame?

He's all a knave or half a slave

Who slights his country thus;

But a TRUE man, like you, man,

Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,

The faithful and the few —

Some lie far off beyond the wave,

Some sleep in Ireland, too;

All, all are gone — but still lives on

The fame of those who died;

All true men, like you, men,

Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands

Their weary hearts have laid,

And by the stranger's heedless hands

Their lonely graves were made;

But, though their day be far away

Beyond the Atlantic foam.

In true men, like you, men,

Their spirits still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;

Among their own they rest;

And the same land that gave them birth

Has caught them to her breast;

And we will pray that from their clay

Full many a race may start

Of true men, like you men,

To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days

To right their native land;

They kindled here a living blaze

That nothing shall withstand.

Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—

THEY fell and passed away;

But true men, like you, men,

Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory — may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite!
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate;
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of 'Ninety-Eight.

—JOHN KELLS INGRAM, LL.D.

A MOTHER'S BLESSING

When Ireland is calling, Feargal, my boy,
What more can a fond mother do,
Only search in her heart and say with a sigh:
"God's blessing and mine be with you."
From Nazareth the road led to Calvary's Hill,
And HIS Mother then showed the way
A Mother should share in the cause of her Son
When destiny chooses the day.

When Ireland is calling, Feargal, my boy,
Her message comes but to the few.
Who, hearing Her Voice in the tumult of Life,
Are ready to dare and to do.
Daring the might of aggression and power
To fearlessly right a grave wrong —
"May God's Blessing and mine be with you, my boy,
And with Ireland to whom you belong.

—CONLEITH MARTIN

*(Feargal O'Hanlon received his mother's blessing before leaving home
for the Battle of Brookborough)*

THE MAID OF SLIEVENAMON

Alone, all alone, by the wave-wash'd strand,
All alone in the crowded hall;
The hall it is gay, and the waves are grand,
But my heart is not here at all.
It flies far away, by night and by day,
To the times and the joys that are gone.
And I never can forget the maiden I met,
In the valley near Slievenamon.

It was not the grace of her queenly air,
Nor her cheek of the rose's glow,
Nor her soft black eyes, nor her flowing hair,
Nor was it her lily-white brow.
'Twas the soul of truth, and of melting ruth,
And the smile like a summer dawn,
That stole my heart away, one mild summer day,
In the valley near Slievenamon.

In the festive hall, by the star-watch'd shore,
My restless spirit cries:
"My love, oh my love, shall I ne'er see you more,
And, my land, will you ever arise?"
By night and by day I ever, ever pray,
While lonely my life flows on,
To see our flag unrolled, and my true love to unfold,
In the valley near Slievenamon.

—CHARLES J. KICKHAM

MacSWINEY TAUGHT US HOW TO DIE

(Air: *Maiden i mBeara* or *The Derry Air*)

In flaming fight, when man his man is facing,
And down the line ten thousand madly cheer.
When through the veins the blood goes hotly racing,
Then death forgotten loses all its rear.
But let the strife through months of anguish lengthen,
And all be silence save our lonely sigh.
Be with us, God, our frightened souls to strengthen —
'Twas so MacSwiney taught us how to die.

Oh, all too swift was Barry's sacred scaffold,
And swift the guns their gifts to Plunkett sped,
And hurried graves have often tyrants baffled,
When Ireland calls to fame her patriot dead.
But here was one who clung to Death's embraces,
Who, drop by drop, let all his life go by;
Dark Rosaleen, how gently are thy graces!
For thee he dared Death's longest death to die.

All chains are chains, tho' fashioned fair and golden,
And Eire's race must never more be slaves,
The hearts of heroes all our hearts embolden,
To win our freedom or to dig our graves.
Who nurtures now a spirit that is craven?
Who fears to lift unshackled hands on high?
Who will not tread the shining path to Heaven?
MacSwiney's there, who taught us how to die.

—FRANCIS P. DONNELLY

THE MEN OF THE WEST

(Air: *Eoghan Coir*)

While you honour in song and in story the names of the patriot men
Whose valour has covered with glory full many a mountain and glen,
Forget not the boys of the heather, who marshalled their bravest and best
When Eire was broken in Wexford and looked for revenge to the West.

Chorus:

I give you the gallant old West, boys,
Where rallied the bravest and best.
When Ireland lay broken and bleeding;
Hurrah for the men of the West!

The hilltops with glory were glowing, 'twas the eve of a bright harvest
day,
When the ships we'd been wearily waiting, sailed into Killala's broad
bay;
And over the hills went the slogan, to waken in every breast
The fire that has never been quenched, boys, among the true hearts of
the West.

Chorus:

Killala was ours ere midnight, and high over Ballina town
Our banners in triumph were waving before the next sun had gone down.
We gathered to speed the good work, boys, the true men anear and afar,
And history can tell how we routed the redcoats through old Castlebar.

Chorus:

And pledge me "The stout sons of France," boys, bold Humbert and
all his brave men,
Whose tramp, like the trumpet of battle, brought hope to the drooping
again.
Since Eire has caught to her bosom on many a mountain and hill
The gallants who fell so they're here, boys, to cheer us to victory still.

Chorus:

Though all the bright dreamings we cherished went down in disaster
and woe,
The spirit of old is still with us that never would bend to the foe;
And Connaught is ready whenever the loud rolling tuck of the drum
Rings out to awaken the echoes and tell us the morning has come.

Chorus:

So here's to the gallant old West, boys,
Who rallied her bravest and best.
When Ireland was broken and bleeding;
Hurrah, boys! Hurrah for the West!

— WILLIAM ROONEY

FEARGAL O h-ANNUAIN

(Air: *Teddy O Neal*)

Oh! hark to the tale of young Feargal O h-Annuain
Who died in Brookboro' to make Ireland free.
For his heart he had pledged to the cause of his country
And he took to the hills like a bold rapparee.
And he feared not to walk to the walls of the barracks
A volley of death poured from window and door.
Alas for young Feargal, his life-blood for freedom
On Brookboro's pavements profusely did pour.

When the smoke and the din of the battle were over,
And Feargal was borne by his comrades away.
He asked them to fly from that place and take cover,
But he died in the hands of the foe on that day.
God strike from your hands, all your hirelings and traitors,
The weapons that murdered our brave Volunteer.
God grant us our freedom, the dream of O h-Annuain,
And lift from our valleys all sorrow and fear.

— M. O'C.

MAIRE MY GIRL

(Air: *Mairead ni Cheallaigh*)

Over the dim blue hills strays a wild river,
Over the dim blue hills rests my heart ever.
Fairer and dearer than jewel or pearl,
Dwells she in beauty there, Maire my girl.

Down upon Claris heath shines the soft berry,
On the brown harvest tree droops the red cherry,
Sweeter the honey lips, softer the curl,
Straying adown thy cheeks, Maire my girl.

'Twas on an April eve that I first met her;
Many an eve shall pass ere I forget her.
Since my young heart has been wrapped in a whirl,
Thinking and dreaming of Maire my girl.

She is too kind and fond ever to grieve me,
She has too pure a heart e'er to deceive me.
Were I Tyrconnell's chief or Desmond's earl,
Life would be dark, wanting Maire my girl.

Over the dim blue hills strays a wild river,
Over the dim blue hills rests my heart ever.
Fairer and dearer than jewel or pearl,
Dwells she in beauty there, Maire my girl.

— JOHN KEEGAN CASEY

THE MOON BEHIND THE HILL

(The Kilkenny Exile's Christmas Song)

I watched last night the rising moon
Upon a foreign strand,
'Till memories came, like flowers of June,
Of home and fatherland;
I dreamt I was a child once more
Beside the rippling rill,
Where first I saw in days of yore
The moon behind the hill.

It brought me back the visions grand
That purpled boyhood's dreams;
Its youthful loves, its happy land,
As bright as morning's beams.
It brought me back my own sweet Nore,
The castle and the mill,
Until my eyes could see no more
The moon behind the hill.

It brought me back a mother's love,
Until, in accents wild,
I prayed her from her home above
To guard her lonely child;
It brought me one across the wave,
To live in memory still—
It brought me back my Kathleen's grave,
The moon behind the hill.

— WILLIAM KENEALY

THE MOUNTAINS OF POMEROY

The morn was breaking bright and fair,
The lark sang in the sky,
When the maid she bound her golden hair,
With a blithe glance in her eye;
For, who beyond the gay green-wood,
Was a-waiting her with joy?
Oh, who but her gallant Renardine,
On the mountains of Pomeroy.

Chorus:

An outlawed man in a land forlorn.
He scorned to turn and fly.
But kept the cause of freedom safe
Up on the mountains high.

Full often in the dawning hour,
Full oft' in twilight brown.
He met the maid in the woodland bow'r,
Where the stream comes foaming down.
For they were faithful in a love
No wars could e'er destroy;
No tyrant's law touched Renardine,
On the mountains of Pomeroy.

Chorus:

"Dear love," she said, "I'm sore afraid,
For the foeman's force and you.
They've tracked you in the lowland plain
And all the valley through.
My kinsmen frown when you are named
Your life they would destroy
'Beware,' they say, 'of Renardine,
On the mountains of Pomeroy.'"

Chorus:

"Fear not, fear not, sweetheart," he cried,
"Fear not the foe for me.
No chain shall fall, whate'er betide,
On the arm that would be free!
Oh, leave your cruel kin and come,
When the lark is in the sky;
And it's with my gun I'll guard you,
On the mountains of Pomeroy."

Chorus:

The morn has come, she rose and fled
 From her cruel kin and home;
 And bright the wood, and rosy red,
 And the tumbling torrent's foam.
 But the mist came down and the tempest roared
 And did all around destroy:
 And a pale, drowned bride met Renardine,
 On the mountains of Pomeroy.

—DR. GEORGE SIGERSON

GLORY O, TO THE BOLD FENIAN MEN

A down by the glenside I met an old woman.
 A-plucking young nettles, nor saw I was comin';
 I listened awhile to the song she was hummin' —
 "Glory O! Glory O to the Bold Fenian Men!"

"'Tis fifty long years since I saw the moon beamin'
 On strong manly forms, on eyes with hope gleamin';
 I see them again, sure, thro' all my sad dreamin' —
 Glory O! Glory O to the Bold Fenian Men!"

"When I was a cailin their marchin' and drillin'
 Awoke in the glenside sounds awesome and thrillin'.
 They loved poor old Ireland: to die they were willin' —
 Glory O! Glory O to the Bold Fenian Men!"

"Some died by the glenside, some died 'mid the stranger;
 And wise men have told us their cause was a failure;
 But they stood by old Ireland, and never feared danger —
 Glory O! Glory O to the Bold Fenian Men!"

I passed on my way; God be praised that I met her;
 Be my life long or short I shall never forget her.
 "We may have great men, but we'll never have better —
 Glory O! Glory O to the Bold Fenian Men!"

—PEADAR O CEARNATGII

A NATION ONCE AGAIN

When boyhood's fire was in my blood
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
Three hundred men and three men;
And then I prayed I yet might see
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation once again!

Chorus:

A Nation once again,
A Nation once again,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation once again!

And from that time, through wildest woe,
That hope has shone a far light,
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight;
It seemed to watch above my head
In forum, field and fane,
Its angel voice sang round my bed,
A Nation once again.

Chorus:

It whisper'd, too, that freedom's ark,
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark
And passions vain or lowly;
For, Freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train:
And righteous men must make our land
A Nation once again!

Chorus:

So, as I grew from boy to man,
I bent me to that bidding,
My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion ridding.
For, thus I hoped some day to aid,
Oh, can such hope be vain
When my dear country shall be made
A Nation once again!

Chorus:

— THOMAS DAVIS

NIALL PLUNKETT O'BOYLE

(Killed in action — Wicklow, 1922)

They laid him to rest, by the rim of the ocean,
Near the home of his fathers, they laid him to rest.
Old Ireland he loved, with true faith and devotion,
He fought and he died for the Cause he loved best.

When Ireland called forth her true sons of the heather,
O'Boyle was the foremost to answer the call.
The sons of the Rosses he banded together,
To drive the oppressor from Dark Donegal.

How bravely he fought with the foe all around him,
'Till alone and outnumbered, a captive he fell.
To the bastille at Newgate, a prisoner they bore him,
He escaped thro' a tunnel and bade them farewell.

Again on the hillside, undaunted and daring,
'Tis not the false Saxon is now on his trail.
Oh! no 'tis our own who betrayed without caring,
The men who sold Ireland, the dregs of the Gael.

Once more on the hillside undaunted and daring,
With all hope abandoned, he turned on the foe.
"Long live the Republic," his words rang out clearly,
The guns thundered forth and O'Boyle was laid low.

Now bravely he sleeps by the rim of the ocean,
Nor wind, nor tempest, his slumber can spoil.
Long, long we'll remember with faith and devotion,
The fate of our chieftain. Niall Plunkett O'Boyle.

— MICHAEL MACGINLEY

MAURICE O'NEILL

Maurice O'Neill, of Cahirciveen, Kerry, was shot to death in Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, on November 12th, 1942, for the crime of being a faithful soldier of the Republic of Ireland. He was 25 years of age. — (Air: **Fineen the Rover**).

It rings through the mountains of Kerry,
From Tarbert to Cahirciveen;
And awakens proud memories of valour,
In the fights of the days that have been;
And out o'er the green fields of Ireland
It sweeps with a loud-swelling peal —
That cry full of anger and sorrow:
"They've murdered young Maurice O'Neill!"

And a prayer rises up from the faithful —
The faithful in woe and in weal:
"This night, 'mong the martyrs of Ireland,
God rest you, brave Maurice O'Neill!"

He sprang from a long line of freemen,
Who never bent knee to the foe,
And his heart gave unfaltering allegiance
To the Cause that was trampled and low.
He came to the red gap of danger,
Where thousands had fallen before;
He died like a Gael and a soldier,
And his memory is green evermore.

His name, through the darkness of thralldom,
Shines out like the flashing of steel;
And the true heart of Ireland is calling:
"God bless you, brave Maurice O'Neill!"

"Let no voice plead for me with the traitors!"
He cried, when the death-hour was nigh.
"May the young men be faithful forever
To the Cause that has called me to die.
When the deathless Republic of Ireland
Is rescued from thralldom and shame,
I ask but a place in her memory.
And her soldiers' salute to my name."

And the young men of Ireland make answer:
"When the foemen in front of us reel,
And we march to the dawnlight of freedom,
You will march with us, Maurice O'Neill."

— BRIAN NA BANBAN

THE OULD PLAID SHAWL

Not far from old Kinvara in the merry month of May,
When birds were singing cheerily, there came across my way,
As if from out the skies above, an angel chanced to fall,
A little Irish cailin in an ould plaid shawl.

She tripped along right joyously, a basket on her arm,
And oh, her face, and oh, her grace, the soul of saint would charm;
Her brown hair rippled o'er her brow, but the greatest charm of all
Was her modest blue eyes beaming 'neath her ould plaid shawl.

I courteously saluted her, "God save you, miss," says I;
"God save you, kindly, sir," said she, and shyly passed me by.
Off went my heart along with her, a captive in her thrall,
Imprisoned in a corner of her ould plaid shawl.

Enchanted with her beauty rare, I gazed in pure delight,
'Till round an angle of the road she vanished from my sight;
But ever since I sighing say, as I that scene recall,
The Grace of God about you and your ould plaid shawl.

I've heard of highway robbers that with pistols and with knives
Make trembling travellers yield them up their money or their lives;
But think of me that handed out my heart, my hand, and all,
To a simple little cailin in an ould plaid shawl.

O, graceful the mantillas that the signorinas wear,
And tasteful are the bonnets of Parisian ladies fair.
But never cloak, nor hood, or robe, in palace, bow'r or hall,
Hid half such witching beauty as that ould plaid shawl.

O, some men sigh for riches, and some men live for fame,
And some on history's pages hope to win a glorious name.
My aims are not ambitious, and my wishes are but small,
You might wrap them all together in an ould plaid shawl.

I'll seek her all through Galway, and I'll seek her through Clare,
I'll search for tale or tidings of my traveller everywhere;
For peace of mind I'll never find until my own I call,
That little Irish cailin in her ould plaid shawl.

FRANCIS A. FAHY

THE OLD BOG ROAD

My feet are here on Broadway
This blessed harvest morn,
But Oh! the ache that's in them
For the sod where I was born.
My weary hands are blistered
From toil in cold and heat!
And Oh! to swing a scythe to-day
Through fields of Irish wheat.
Had I the chance to journey back,
Or own a king's abode.
'Tis soon I'd see the hawthorn tree
By the Old Bog Road.

When I was young and innocent
My mind was ill at ease,
Through dreaming of America,
And the gold beyond the seas.
Oh, sorrow take their money,
'Tis hard to get that same,
And what's the world to any man
If no one speaks his name.
I've had my day and here I am
With building bricks for load.
A long three thousand miles away
From the old Bog Road.

My mother died last springtime,
When Ireland's fields were green.
The neighbours said her waking
Was the finest ever seen.
There were snowdrops and primroses
Piled up around her bed.
And Ferns Church was crowded
When her funeral Mass was said.
And here was I on Broadway
With building bricks for load,
When they carried out her coffin
Down the old Bog Road.

There was a decent girl at home
Who used to walk with me.
Her eyes were soft and sorrowful
Like moonbeams on the sea.
Her name was Mary Dwycr,
But that was long ago.
The ways of God are wiser
Than the things a man might know.
She died the year I left her,
But with building bricks for load
I'd best forget the times we met
On the old Bog Road.

Ah! Life's a weary puzzle,
Past finding out by man,
I'll take the day for what it's worth
And do the best I can.
Since no one cares a rush for me
What need to make a moan,
I'll go my way and draw my pay
And smoke my pipe alone.
Each human heart must know its grief
Though bitter be the load.
So God be with old Ireland,
And the old Bog Road.

TERESA BRAYTON

Coirte foillreacáin náisiunta
56 GRAND PARADE
CORK

WRITE FOR CURRENT LIST OF ALL OUR
PUBLICATIONS

THE OLD FENIAN GUN

(Air: *The Felons of Our Land*)

It hung above the kitchen fire its barrel long and brown,
And one day, with a boy's desire, I climbed and took it down.
My father's eyes with anger flashed, he cried: 'What have you done?
I wish you'd left it where it was — that's my old Fenian gun.'

I fondled it with love and pride, I looked it o'er and o'er;
I placed it on my shoulder and I marched across the floor.
My father's anguish softened and he shared my boyish fun —
"Ah, well," he said, "'tis in your breed like that old Fenian gun!"

"I remember '67 well," he said, "when lads like me
All thought we'd strike another blow to set old Ireland free.
But broken were our golden hopes, I was long months on the run.
But it did good work for Ireland then — that brown old Fenian gun.

"I was down then in Kilmallock — 'twas the hottest fight of all —
And you see" — he bared his arm — "There's the mark still of the ball.
I hope the young lads growing now will hold the ground we won,
And not disgrace the cause in which I held that Fenian gun."

I placed it o'er the fire once more. I heard my father sigh,
I knew his thoughts were turning back on days now long gone by.
And then I vowed within my heart: "I'll be my father's son,
And if ever Ireland wants my aid I'll hold a Fenian gun."

That's years ago, I've grown a man and weathered many a gale,
The last long year I've spent inside a gloomy English jail.
I've done my part, I'll do it still until the fight is won.
And when Ireland's free, she'll bless the men who held a Fenian gun.
—PHIL O'NEILL

MICHAEL DWYER

At length brave Michael Dwyer and his undaunted men
Were scented o'er the mountains and tracked into the glen;
The stealthy soldiers followed, with ready blade and ball,
And swore to trap that outlaw that night in wild Emall.

They prowled around the valley, and towards the dawn of day
Discovered where the faithful and fearless heroes lay;
Around the little cottage then formed in a ring,
And called out: "Michael Dwyer! Surrender to the King!"

Thus answered Michael Dwyer: "Into this house we came
Unasked by those who own it; they cannot be to blame;
Then let those guiltless people, unquestioned, pass you through.
And when they've passed in safety, I'll tell you what we'll do."

'Twas done, "And now," says Dwyer "your work you may begin;
You are a hundred outside — we're only four within;
We've heard your haughty summons, and this is our reply —
We're true United Irishmen — we'll fight until we die."

Then burst the war's red lightning, then poured the leaden rain;
The hills around re-echoed the thunder-peals again;
The soldiers falling round him brave Dwyer sees with pride,
But, ah! one gallant comrade is wounded by his side.

Yet there are three remaining, good battle still to do,
Their hands are strong and steady, their aim is quick and true;
But hark, that furious shouting the savage soldiers raise!
The house is fired around them! — the roof is in a blaze!

And brighter every moment the lurid flame arose,
And louder swelled the laughter and cheering of their foes;
Then spake the brave McAllister, the weak and wounded man —
"You can escape, my comrades, and this shall be your plan:

"Place in my hands a musket, then lie upon the floor —
I'll stand before the soldiers, and open wide the door;
They'll pour into my bosom the fire of their array,
Then, while their guns are empty, dash through them and away!

He stood before the foemen, revealed amidst the flame,
From out their levelled pieces the wished-for volley came:
Up sprang the three survivors for whom the hero died,
But only Michael Dwyer burst through the ranks outside.

He baffled his pursuers, who followed like the wind.
He swam the river Slaney, and left them far behind:
But many a scarlet soldier he promised soon would fall,
For those, his gallant comrades, who died in wild Emall.

— T. D. SULLIVAN

THE CROPPY BOY

(Air: *Cailin Og a Stor*)

"Good men and true in this house who dwell,
To a stranger buchaill I pray you tell,
Is the priest at home, or may he be seen?
I would speak a word with Father Green."

"The priest's at home, boy, and may be seen;
'Tis easy speaking with Father Green;
But you must wait 'till I go and see
If the holy father alone may be."

The youth has entered a silent hall —
What a lonely sound has his light footfall!
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,
With a vested priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins,
"Nomine Dei," the youth begins;
At "Mea culpa" he beats his breast,
And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,
And at Gorcey my loving brothers all,
I alone am left of my name and race,
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

"I cursed three times since last Easter Day —
At Mass-time once I went to play;
I passed the churchyard one day in haste,
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

"I bear no hate against a living thing
But I love my country above the King;
Now, Father, bless me and let me go,
To die if God has ordained it so."

The priest said naught, but a rustling noise
Made the youth look up in wild surprise:
The robes were off, and in scarlet there
Sat a Yeoman captain with fiery glare.

With fiery glare, with fury hoarse,
Instead of blessing he breathed a curse:
"’Twas a good thought boy, to come here and thrive,
For one short hour is your time to live.

"Upon yon river three tenders float,
The priest is in one — if he isn't shot —
We hold this house for our lord the King,
And, Amen, say I, may all traitors swing!"

At Geneva Barracks that young man died,
And at Passage they had his body laid.
Good people, who live in peace and joy,
Breathe a prayer, shed a tear for the Croppy Boy.

— CAROL L. MALONE

DRUMBOE CASTLE

'Twas the eve of St. Patrick's Day by the dawn of the day,
The hills of Tirconnel looked sombre and grey.
When the first dawn of morning illumined the sky
Four brave Irish soldiers were led forth to die.

They left their loved homes in a green Munster vale,
And came to Tirconnel to fight for the Gael.
Instead of true friends they met traitor and foe,
Now unconfined they lie in the woods of Drumboe.

The church bells rang loud in the cool morning air,
To summon the faithful to penance and prayer.
When a crash from the wild woods struck terror and woe,
'Twas the death knell of Daly shot dead at Drumboe.

Four Republican soldiers were dragged from their cells,
Where for months they had suffered the torments of hell.
No mercy they ask from their pitiless foe,
And no mercy was shown by the thugs of Drumboe.

Let Tirconnel no more boast of honour and fame,
All the waters of Finn could not wash out this shame.
While the Finn and the Swilly continue to flow,
This stain will remain on the thugs of Drumboe.

— MICHAEL MACGINLEY

THE FLOWER OF FINAE

Bright red is the sun on the waves of Lough Sheelin,
A cool, gentle breeze from the mountain is stealing.
While fair round its islets the small ripples play,
But fairer than all is the Flower of Finae.

Her hair is like night, and her eyes like grey morning,
She trips on the heather as if its touch scorning.
Yet her heart and her lips are as mild as May day.
Sweet Eily McMahon, the Flower of Finae.

But who down the hillside red deer runs fleeter?
And who on the lake side is hastening to greet her?
Who but Fergus O'Farrell, the fiery and gay,
The darling and pride of the Flower of Finae.

One kiss and one clasp, and one wild look of gladness,
Ah! why do they change on a sudden to sadness?
He has told his hard fortune, no more he can stay,
He must leave his poor Eily to pine at Finae.

For Fergus O'Farrell was true to his sire-land,
And the dark hand of tyranny drove him from Ireland;
He joins the Brigade, in the wars far away,
But he vows he'll come back to the Flower of Finae.

He fought at Cremona — she hears of his story,
He fought at Cassano — she's proud of his glory.
Yet sadly she sings Siubhail a Ruin all the day,
"Oh! come, my darling, come home to Finae."

Eight long years have passed, 'till she's nigh broken-hearted,
Her heel, and her rock, and her flax she has parted;
She sails with the Wild Geese to Flanders away,
And leaves her sad parents alone in Finae.

Lord Clare on the field of Rammillies is charging,
Before him the Sasanach squadrons enlarging,
Behind him the Cravats their sections display,
Besides him rides Fergus and shouts for Finae.

On the slopes of La Judoigne the Frenchmen are flying,
Lord Clare and his squadrons the foe still defying.
Outnumbered and wounded, retreat in array;
And, bleeding, rides Fergus, and thinks of Finae.

In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,
And by it a pale, weeping maiden is praying;
That flag's the sole trophy of Ramillies' fray,
This nun is poor Eily, the Flower of Finae.

— THOMAS DAVIS

THE FELONS OF OUR LAND

Fill up once more, we'll drink a toast
To comrades far away;
No nation upon earth can boast
Of braver hearts than they.
And though they sleep in dungeons deep,
Or flee, outlawed and banned,
We love them yet, we can't forget
The felons of our land.

In boyhood's bloom and manhood's pride
Foredoomed by alien laws,
Some on the scaffold proudly died
For holy Ireland's cause.
And, brothers say, shall we to-day
Unmoved, like cowards stand,
While traitors shame and foes defame
The felons of our land.

Some in the convict's dreary cell
Have found a living tomb;
And some unseen, unfriended fell
Within the dungeon gloom.
Yet, what care we, although it be
Trod by a ruffian band —
God bless the clay where rest to-day
The felons of our land.

Let cowards mock and tyrants frown,
Ah, little do we care!
A felon's cap is the noblest crown
An Irish head can wear.
And every Gael in Inisfail
Who scorns the serf's vile brand,
From Lee to Boyne, would gladly join
The felons of our land.

— ARTHUR M. FORRESTER

THE FOGGY DEW

(Old Irish Air)

As down by the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I,
There armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by;
No pipe did hum, no battle drum did sound its loud tattoo,
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell rang out through the Foggy Dew.

Right proudly high in Dublin Town they flung out the flag of war,
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Suvla or Sud El Bar;
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through
While Britannia's Huns, with their great big guns, sailed in through the Foggy Dew.

O, the night fell black, and the rifles' crack made "Perfidious Albion"
reel,
'Mid the leaden rain seven tongues of flame did shine o'er the lines of
steel;
By each shining blade a prayer was said that to Ireland her sons be true
And when morning broke still the war flag shook out its folds in the
Foggy Dew.

'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free,
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the fringe of the great
North Sea.
O, had they died by Pearse's side, or had fought with Cathal Brugha,
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the shroud of
the Foggy Dew.

But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear,
For those who died that Eastertide in the springtime of the year;
While the world did gaze, with deep amaze, at those fearless men, but
few,
Who bore the fight that Freedom's light might shine through the Foggy
Dew.

Ah! back through the glen I rode again, and my heart with grief was
sore,
For I parted then with valiant men whom I never shall see more;
But to and fro in my dreams I go, and I kneel and pray for you,
For slavery fled, O glorious dead! when you fell in the Foggy Dew.

— REV. P. O'NEILL

GOD SAVE IRELAND

High upon the gallows tree swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;
But they met him face to face, with the spirit of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.
"God save Ireland," said the heroes; "God save Ireland," said they all:
"Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Girt around with cruel foes, still their courage proudly rose,
For they thought of hearts that loved them, far and near.
Of the millions true and brave, o'er the ocean's swelling wave,
And the friends in holy Ireland, ever dear.
"God save Ireland," said they proudly; "God save Ireland," said we all:
"Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Climbed they up the rugged stair; rung their voices out in prayer;
Then, with England's fatal cord around them cast.
Close beneath the gallows tree kissed like brother lovingly,
True to home and faith and freedom to the last.
"God save Ireland," prayed they loudly; "God save Ireland," said we all:
"Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;
But on the cause must go, amidst joy or weal or woe,
'Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.
"God save Ireland," say we proudly; "God save Ireland," say we all:
"If upon the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

—TIMOTHY D. O'SULLIVAN

IN REMEMBRANCE

'Twas yesterday I saw them marching down the glen,
A company full beautiful and brave;
A company of Ireland's fairest fighting men,
Marching quick and steady to the grave.
No banner blazed about them but the glory of their hills,
No trumpet had to sound them to the fray,
But Freedom's voiceless calling in the rich, red blood that thrills
The true-man to the Dawning of the Day.

'Twas yesterday I blest them on the road they'll march no more,
For they're sleeping in the Sunset down below.
With their faces to the Eastward, like the Chivalry of yore,
To the Eastward full of promise — and the foe.
But I'll keep them in my dreaming with a love that none shall say —
That company full and beautiful and brave —
And I'll see them as I saw them, laughing, yesterday,
Marching quick and steady to the grave.

— DOMHNALL O CATHAIL

PETER CROWLEY

As I roamed out one evening in the holy month of June,
I strayed into an old churchyard, to view a new built tomb.
I overheard an old man say, as tears rolled from his eyes,
Its underneath that cold green sod, brave Peter Crowley lies.

Then tell me Peter Crowley, come tell me, tell me true
Who stepped into Kilclooney Wood that day along with you;
Who stood behind that broad oak tree, and fired that signal gun,
Who fought and died for Ireland, 'twas you my darling son.

The man who fired the signal went to his lone abode.
For many a mile he shouldered it a dark and dreary road.
Stiff and cold its there you lay astoreen gal machree,
Because you were a Fenian bold and fought for liberty.

And now to conclude and finish as I have no more to say,
May the Almighty and Eternal God soon raise you from your clay;
With a thousand men at your command and they both loyal and true,
To conquer English, Dutch and Dane, as Irishmen could do.

INNISCARRA MY HOME BY THE LEE

I have wandered in exile 'midst cold hearted strangers,
Far, far from my home, and the beautiful Lec.

I have struggled alone, thro' all sorrow and danger
And braved every danger by land and by sea.

'Thro' Columbia's wild forests, India's spicey bowers,
'Thro' the great Orange river where sands are of gold.
Yet I sigh for thee still midst the birds and the flowers,
I have loved thee, and will, 'till my fond heart grows cold.

I have met with fair maidens with dark flowing tresses,
Beautiful eyes oft' shone kindly on me.
Yet I think with regret of the smiles and caresses,
Of a fair haired young maiden who dwells by the Lee.

I have come back again but she's not in her bower,
The river flows on, with its scant tiny waves.
I have called her in vain, but the ivy crowned tower
Of Sweet Inniscarra overshadows her grave.

The home of my childhood to ruin it is fallen,
The dear ones that loved me shall greet me no more.
Yet I gaze on it still, joyous visions recalling,
Tho' the long grass is growing at the step of the door.

I will sleep with them soon, with the shamrock above me,
Never more from my own native Cork will I roam.
'Till I'm laid in my grave, with the dear ones that loved me,
As in death, they will welcome their wanderer home.

A BALLAD OF BRAVE MEN

Come all ye men of Eireann, from Antrim to Berehaven,
And hear a song of brave men who died for you and me;
The slave may call them felons, but as comrades of Lord Edward,
They yet shall be remembered when their native land is free.

On a day that we'll remmeber — on the Sixth Day of September,
In the dark year Nineteen Forty — in the prison of Mountjoy.
The bond-slaves of the foeman — vile traitors to their own land —
Two noble Irish soldiers did slaughter and destroy.

Patrick McGrath of Dublin, and Thomas Harte of Lurgan,
True sons of the Republic for which our martyrs died;
They faced, with hearts unquailing, the guns of the invader,
And for evermore in Eirinn we will think of them with pride.

Because they stood with Emmet, with Tone and with Lord Edward
With the Martyred Three of Manchester and the heroes of
our day;
Because they fought like true men, the tools of England slew them,
And they sleep with Kevin Barry in the lonely prison clay.

We'll tell with pride their story, we'll shrine their names in glory,
When dawns our day of triumph o'er the tyrant and the slave;
When the Truth shines forth in splendour then our glad hearts
will remember,
That the comrades of Lord Edward are the glory of the Gael!

—BRIAN NA BANBAN

SHALL MY SOUL PASS THROUGH IRELAND?

(TERENCE MCSWINEY)

In a dreary Brixton prison
Where an Irish rebel lay,
By his side a priest was standing
Ere his soul should pass away;
And he faintly murmured "Father,"
As he clasped him by the hand,
"Tell me this before I die
Shall my soul pass through Ireland?"

Chorus:

"Shall my soul pass through old Ireland,
Pass through Cork's old city grand,
Shall I see the old cathedral
Where St. Patrick took his stand,
Shall I see the little chapel
Where I pledged my heart and hand,
Tell me this before you leave me
Shall my soul pass through Ireland?"

" 'Twas for loving dear old Ireland
In this prison cell I lie,
'Twas for loving dear old Ireland
In this foreign land I die;
Will you meet my little daughter,
Will you make her understand
Tell me, Father, ere you leave me
Shall my soul pass through Ireland?"

With his heart pure as a lily
And his body sanctified,
In that dreary British prison
Our brave Irish rebel died.
Prayed the priest that wish be granted
As in blessing raised his hand:
"O Father, grant this brave man's wish
May his soul pass through Ireland."

KEVIN BARRY

In Mountjoy Jail, one Monday Morning
High upon the gallows tree,
Kevin Barry gave his young life
For the cause of liberty.
But a lad of eighteen Summers,
Yet no one can deny,
As he walked to death that morning,
He proudly held his head on high.

"Why not shoot me like a soldier,
Do not hang me like a dog,
For I fought to free old Ireland,
On that bright September morn.
All round that little bakery,
Where we fought them hand to hand.
Why not shoot me like a soldier
For I fought to free Ireland."

Just before he faced the hangman
In his dreary prison cell,
British soldiers tortured Barry
Just because he would not tell
The names of his brave companions,
And other things they wished to know.
"Turn informer or we'll kill you!"
Kevin Barry answered "No!"

Calmly standing to attention,
While he bade his last farewell
To his broken-hearted mother,
Whose sad grief no one can tell.
For the cause he proudly cherished
This sad parting had to be;
Then to death walked, softly smiling,
That old Ireland might be free.

Another martyr for old Ireland,
Another murder for the crown,
Whose brutal laws may kill the Irish,
But can't keep their spirit down.
Lads like Barry are no cowards,
From the foe they will not fly;
Lads like Barry will free Ireland,
For her sake theyll live and die.

SEAN SOUTH OF GARRYOWEN

(Air: *Roddy McCorley*)

(In memory of Sean South of Limerick, who died for Ireland
on January 1st, 1957)

'Twas on a dreary New Year's Day
as the shades of night came down,
A lorry load of Volunteers approached
a Border town!
There were men from Dublin and from Cork,
Fermanagh and Tyrone,
But the leader was a Limerick man,
Sean South of Garryowen.

And as they moved along the street up to the
barrack door,
They scorned the danger they would meet,
the fate that lay in store.
They were fighting for old Ireland's cause,
to claim their very own.
And the foremost of that gallant band
was South of Garryowen.

But the sergent foiled their daring plan,
he spied them thro' the door;
Then the Sten guns and the rifles,
a hail of death did pour;
And when that awful night was past,
two men were cold as stone,
There was one from near the Border
And one from Garryowen.

No more he'll hear the seagull cry
o'er the murmuring Shannon tide;
For he fell beneath the Northern sky,
brave Hanlon at his side.
He had gone to join that gallant band
of Plunkett, Pearse and Tone,
A martyr for old Ireland,
Sean South of Garryowen.

—S.C.

ENGLAND'S GALLOWS TREE

'Tis long since Father Sheehy gave his life in dark Clonmel;
'Tis long since Willie Neilson served the cause he loved so well;
'Tis long since Emmet fought and died his native land to free;
And still brave men must climb the stair of England's gallows tree.

When Allen, Larkin and O'Brien their noble lives laid down,
We swore that from this land we'd drive the forces of the Crown;
But Barry and his comrades died with Ireland still unfree;
And now two more have climbed the stair of England's gallows tree.

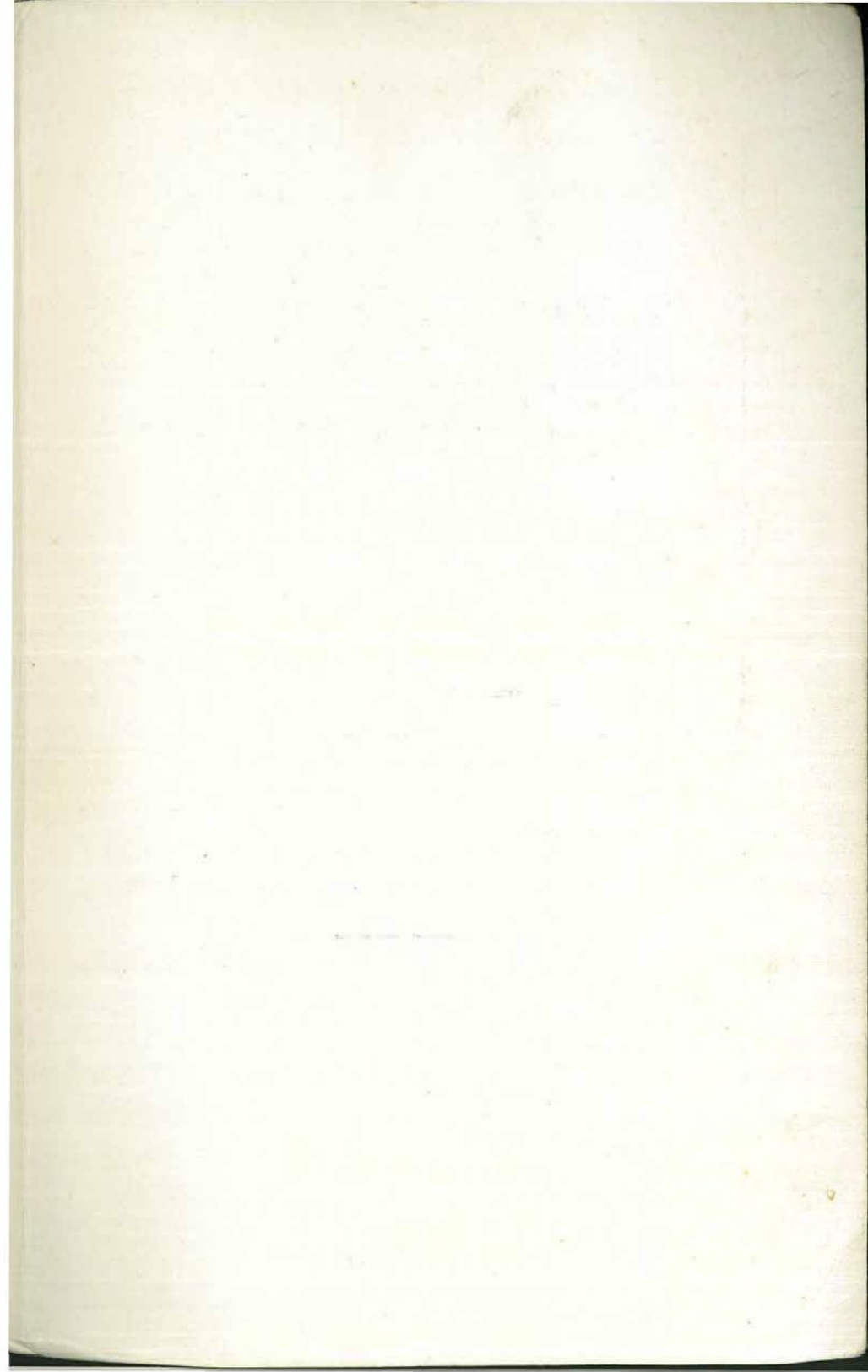
Brave Peter Barnes faced his foes with calmness on his face,
And James MacCormick voiced once more the brav'ry of the race;
"Your gibbets and your jails," he cried, "no terrors have for me,
For Ireland's cause I'll proudly die on England's gallows tree!

"No crime was ours; we fought the fight 'mong Ireland's ruthless foes,
Because within young Irish hearts the freedom flame still glows.
God bless our land! God bless the men who'll fight and die as we,
In dungeon dark, in war's red rout, or on the gallows tree!"

The foeman's fear, the foeman's hate have swept their lives away,
And slaves in Ireland helped that foe to hound the I.R.A.
Coercion stalks the Irish land 'gainst all who'd set her free;
Above her looms the shadow dark of England's gallows tree.

But raise your hearts! for martyrs' blood was never shed in vain,
The Day will dawn, the Call will come, and men will march again!
The free Republic, proud and strong, from shore to shore we'll see —
The true revenge for all who died on England's gallows tree!

— BRIAN NA BANBAN





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